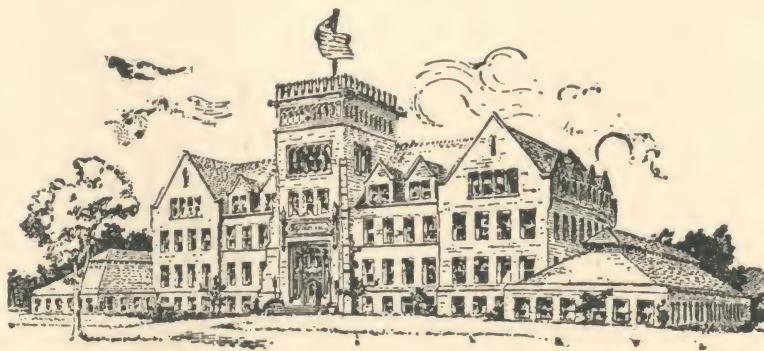


THE TECH

BRADLEY INSTITUTE

PEORIA, ILLINOIS



IN THIS ISSUE

Jilting Jeanne

By Edith Dorsey

Manual Arts

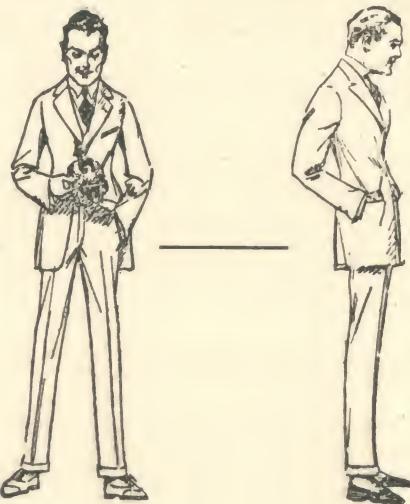
A Touch of Eve

By Betty Hardesty.

Vol. XXII

February

No. Two



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LITERARY

Vol. XXII Peoria, Illinois, February 20, 1919 No. 2

"A TOUCH OF EVE."

"Babs" Carrier rolled out of the center of the biggest wave at hand just then and shook herself like a half-drowned water rat. "Say," sputtered a sleepy voice, "turn off the salt-spray—this is my last clean uniform and the laundry isn't in till tomorrow. Twin! Have a heart!" for the shower continued.

"Since you joined the army," remarked the complacent Miss Carrier pulling off a scarlet cap and letting fly some very damp brown hair, "you're no earthly use to your family. You're going to play tennis with Miss Miggs at 2—"

"Wha—what?" her stalwart twin demanded, now thoroughly awake.

"Why, don't you remember, Robert?" Roberta's blue eyes were demure. "You felt so sorry for her 'so alone and not much going for her sort.'" Robert groaned at the accuracy of the quotation. "There's no use trying to skin out now, Bobby," cautioned his energetic sister, dropping beside him, "and for goodness' sake, lose that vague look before you meet her. You've a reputation to live up to."

"I'll have one to live down," raged Bobby, finding his vocal organs still intact. "Ye gods and Egyptian gimcracks! She can't play tennis any better than she can swim, or dance, or ride, and she can't talk any better than she can play tennis, so how the S—"

"Stop raving, Bobby, and gather yourself together. You sort of need it—and it's nearly two. Try to remember how lucky she is to have the only thing in commissions that happens to be 'round. March! I see a lonely figure on the club house steps."

"Oh, Twin, don't desert me," he howled dismally. "Come on along."

"Like this?" demanded the water-soaked nymph. "Not much!"

Lieutenant Robert Vincent Carrier picked himself and his canoe paddles up from the beach, knocked the ashes regrettfully from his pipe, put it ten-derly away and began a slow ascent of the club house hill.

Ten days left, he reflected with gloom; he never had liked girls—hang it! wherever this Miggs curiosity had come from, he wished she'd stayed there indefinitely—or until he could leave town. Even a pretty girl couldn't get away with the things she couldn't do.

He rounded a corner of the club house and found the object of his meditations ensconced on a lower step apparently settled for an afternoon of waiting.

Miss Miggs' one specialty was wall flowering. She melted into the background without a sigh. Hair, eyes, skin, clothes, all of a color. Where she had come from no one knew and what she did interested no one but herself. She usually slipped away alone immediately after breakfast and no one

had felt duty bound to inquire whether the portfolio she always carried contained the notes of her life or merely went along to achieve atmosphere.

The portfolio was gone now and in its place was a familiar looking tennis racket. Otherwise the general appearance was the same. The large floppy hat was drawn as securely over the nondescript hair, and the tiny figure was wrapped in the same shapeless tan linen dress buttoned up to the pointed chin. With a hopeless sigh Bob's eyes dropped to her feet.

"H—how are you?" inquired Miss Miggs breathlessly.

"Worse'n usual," muttered Bob, still intent on the shapeless shoes.

"I—I beg your pardon?"

"Certainly—oh—ah, pardon me. *Much* better, thanks. Shall we start?" Inwardly reviling himself for an abject fool, Bob picked up the racket.

"It—it's your sister's," she explained.

"Thought it looked familiar. Pretty heavy for an amateur."

"Oh, no—that is—I guess it is."

The conversation lapsed into silence. "Good Lord, give that atom a *thought*," was Bob's inward plea.

The view from a height was discouraging. The tan landscaping hid all lower altitudes except the restless little brown hands,—and the extraordinary feet. "Hands rather interesting," mused the plodding hero; "feet certainly—"

"You d—don't mind teaching me—I hope?" a small voice inquired.
"Y—your s—sister said you'd love to."

"She's a—er—quite right. Great sister, that kid—always doing something for a fellow." Lieutenant Carrier had resolved to be more than generous himself along certain lines."

"H—how nice."

Silence.

With a sigh of immense and unholly joy Bob welcomed the sight of five totally deserted and blazing white courts.

"My game's rather up against it—you'll probably clean me up," he laughed as he tightened the net.

"To—to what?" Miss Miggs' questioning gasp evoked unknown spirits in behalf of Bob's unconscious Twin. Explanation and apology were accepted graciously though and with a groan Bob set his teeth and the torture began.

Two hours later Babs, returning from a struggle with the heel of an army sock and the gossip of the younger set, encountered two very moist young persons in a state of complete collapse on the hotel veranda.

"Come along, Bobby," she commanded gayly. "Miss Miggs wants to dress for dinner. You've worried her long enough. We'll see you later, of course," she called back as she drew her perspiring and red-faced twin toward the steps.

"Lucky you happened along," he breathed almost gratefully. "The conversation was becoming almost violent and—say, Twin—"

"Oh hush, Bobby. You act two instead of twenty-two! Haven't you ever noticed that all some people need is drawing out? Correct social status—and the right sort of companionship. D' you get me?"

"D' you mean *me*?" demanded her cynical better half.

"I believe," she ignored him entirely, "that every woman has some of Eve in her and with the proper influences she can always exert herself to—"

"Huh!" snorted an outraged man. "If you think you can sic that mild, moderate and meek Miss Miggs on *me*— You can have everything on earth that I possess henceforth and forever more."

"Amen!" shouted Bobs as she made a dash for the steps of their cottage. "You hurry and shave. You're going to take Miss Miggs to the Yacht Club dance tonight!"

The world looked dreary and very cold to Bobby that night. He took Her—Bobs saw to that—and he left her—most of the evening.

The frock she wore had been resurrected and resuscitated—it escaped the floor on three sides, but clung longingly in the rear. The whole affair had the air of being strung together with the blue ribbon that tied in a huge bow at the back. Her hair was strained (hailed, was Bob's mental reversion) back to keep her bow company a few feet up and a strand of large and exceedingly brilliant pearls suspended themselves from her neck. The effect was startling.

Lieutenant Carrier began to realize the horrors of a war wherein there is no camouflage. She danced horribly and she said nothing.

Robert and Miss Miggs suffered jointly for a week at Roberta's command. The fatal Friday of the picnic nearly broke the camel's back, however.

"Roberta," began her twin firmly that night, "this thing's got to be stopped. It's undermining my health. I can stand it to hear her say nothing once in a while, but not *all* the time. Spare me—or her."

"Go to bed," his sister remarked calmly snapping off the porch light. "You're awfully worked up about something—just wait a few days."

"The Country Club dance is on next week, Roberta," essayed her brother in solemn tones, "and by all the powers, I'm going to have a good time!"

"Hope you do, honey," drawled sister, sleepily. "Miss Miggs said she'd be delighted to go with you."

The days dragged for one occupant of the Carrier's cottage. "If I live to see Captain Phillips," Robert reflected sadly, "I'll tell him how much I appreciated a twenty day leave and thank him with tears—for not making it more."

Then arrived the day of the Country Club dance. No one saw Lieutenant Carrier until evening. Several scoffing friends suggested beauty sleep to the inquiring family, but if Roberta suspected deep meditation on the duties of this world she said nothing.

* * * * *

A row of asterisks will probably best express Bobby's state of mind during that evening. Out of the haze he afterward recalled a dainty person in a fluffy white and silver creation that fitted in all the required places. Whose head without its surrounding tan halo had become a mass of dark curls and whose feet were fairy things in tiny silver slippers.

He remembered vaguely of uttering remarkable to some speech of hers. He rather thought the moonlight or the silver slippers had gone to his head.

And dance! How she had danced! The tips of those enchanted slippers barely touched the floor. He had to fight his way into the circle of

clamoring males to claim a dance—but the way out was blazed in black and white! She permitted him four dances of the sixteen—and insisted upon sitting one of them out. Had she known, Bob wondered dully, that she was the only girl in the world and that the clock was playing tag with Time?

"But I can't imagine—" began Bob for the eleventh time. "I haven't murdered her or thrown her into the Sound and she certainly didn't give me a chance to carry her off."

"I don't care what you *haven't* done!" raged his dear twin. "I'm worrying about what you *have* done! Just read that and *then* imagine."

Bob caught the faint perfume of the night before as the blue note fell into his lap. It began simply:

"You've been awfully kind to me—kinder than I can tell you, but it hasn't been fair to Lieutenant Carrier, or yourself.

"I'm not—what I seemed. Probably you have heard of me a little, but I was so tired after my last book was finished and rest was the only thing I couldn't seem to find.

"I must go, but thank you again and dear Bobs, if you ever need anything as much as I seemed to need a touch of Eve, come to me for it!

"Most gratefully yours,

"MILDRED KING.

"212 Greenwood Court, N. W.,

"Washington, D. C."

"I haven't done anything—yet," shouted a beaming youth to his astonished better half," but, oh, Sis—when does the next train leave for Washington?"

BETTY HARDESTY.

JILTING JEANNE.

July 17th—Nineteen today. Goodness! as I look back over the past few years it seems as if I've been living for years and years instead of only nineteen. Dad had my room furnished for a present and I've been cleaning out my old desk—such a mess I never did see. Ever since I started to High School—it seemed more than six years ago—I've kept all of my dance programs and favors. I even found some of the place cards and things from the baby parties I used to go to in grammar school. I have one card dated twelve years ago that has "Jack Sheridan" on it. I can remember when we exchanged our cards. I have a ring of his I used to wear, sterling silver with a bluebird on it. A lot of my dance programs have his name on them too—dear old Jack—what would I do without you. You've remained faithful since that day we first toddled to kindergarten together. Some of the names on my program I can't even remember. There are so many. Towards the last Jack's name doesn't come so often as it used to but it is always there in the background. Jim Hart. How well I remember him. Goodness! but he did rush me—candy, flowers, books, music, and everything that the law allows, besides taking me to everything that came along. I was sixteen then and now Jim is dead. Died fighting for

his country. As I look back I can't remember ever suffering about a boy. I never got crazy enough about one to care whether or not he went with me or not. It seems so funny to be writing all this down. I don't know why I'm doing it. It may be because I haven't a date. Just think, my birthday, Sunday night, and no date. I'm not counting the fact that Harold Jameson wanted me to go riding—when I start with him I'll be ready for an old maid's home. I guess, though, I must be getting old and younger girls coming in. I guess I'd better begin to think about getting married. Oh, dear, twelve o'clock! If I'm going to play golf tomorrow morning with Bill I'd better be getting to bed. Besides I'm rather sleepy.

July 21st—Bill has just gone. That boy is absolutely a peach. He brought me the nicest box of candy. I think he'll be ready to propose in about a week. I hope I can put it off because he does send me the most wonderful flowers and I hate to lose him as a friend, but I never saw anybody yet who could take a refusal decently. He asked me to the Country Club dance next month, but so did Bob. Only two bids. I *must* be getting old. I'd like to go with that new fellow, but I haven't met him yet. What shall I wear tomorrow to the Yacht Club dance? I hope Bob sends yellow roses so I can wear my yellow organdy. They don't dress up much. Maybe I'll meet Mr. Harbers there. His first name is Dick. I've always liked that name.

July 23rd—Met Dick Harbers last night. Of course I don't call him Dick yet—but—. *Had* a gorgeous time except that Bob proposed again. He is one boy I can depend on not to go off in a huff when I refuse. He was a little worse than usual last night, tried to kiss me and all that sort of rot. Goodness, but men make me sick! Jack called up and wanted me to go to the Country Club dance. Of course I told him "No." If I went with him people would think I was awfully hard up, because everyone knows he has always been crazy about me. Not that he isn't a perfectly nice boy and all that; I'll probably marry him some day. But it's no fun going with some one you're sure of. Marian Murphy was over this morning before I was up, raving about Bill. I wish he would marry her. I know his folks are crazy about her.

Aug. 1st—Dick has been over six times in the past week and I'm going to the Country Club dance with him. Jack is going to take Doris Henderson. Somehow or other I don't like that girl. She is entirely too deep for me—also too sweet. Jack hasn't been over for a week; I guess he's tired of being snubbed, but I rather miss seeing him hanging around. Bill has asked Marian and she is tickled to death. It is the first time he has paid any attention to her, but now that he has, he hasn't been around here much. Of course I'm not jealous or anything, but I would have liked him to propose first.

Sept. 1st—I've been so disgusted this last month. If there is one girl I hate it is Doris Henderson—and Jack seems crazy about her. It all started at the Club. I'd been having a perfectly wonderful time and Dick was marvelous. All the girls were crazy about him. Then we decided to take a walk during one of the dances. We walked around and then sat down in a little arbor. I was talking away and the next thing I knew Dick had me in his arms and was kissing me. I never was so mad in all my life. I struggled away, but before I could say anything I heard somebody titter.

I looked around and there were Doris and Jack. Before I could open my mouth, Jack turned to Doris and said: "Come, Doris, we seem to be interrupting Jeanne," and away they walked. Then I let loose on Dick, and I don't think he'll try that on another girl. Then I went in and called up Bob, who came and took the rest of Dick's dances. I had a rotten time the rest of the evening. I got Jack in a corner and tried to explain, but all he said was, 'If you choose to carry on your love affairs in public it's no affair of mine, Miss Meredith.' The idea of him calling me Miss. Just wait. I'll make him Miss me. Art is coming home tomorrow and he never did like him.

Sept. 20th—I never flirted so much before in my life. Also I've never been so miserable. Of course I'm not in love with Jack, but he is a lifelong friend and I hate to be misjudged. If it weren't for that one thing I'd be happy. Art is home and rushing me to death. I hardly have time for anything else. I only see Jack at a distance and to think he only lives across the street. I hope he sees how often Art is here. Art surely is a good looking, tall, blonde, and broad-shouldered. He knows he is good looking and also he has too much money for his own good, but those are mere trifles. We make a wonderful couple, as I'm just his opposite—small, slim, and dark.

Sept. 22nd—I was standing behind Jack and Marian at the dance last night, and you should have heard him rave about Doris. He said he loved blonde people with long yellow hair. He likes the way she wears it, parted in the middle and brought back smooth over the ears. Afterwards I came home and looked at myself in my long mirror. I'm just the opposite—dark, with short hair. It looks perfectly terrible parted in the middle. Besides, my hair is curly instead of straight, and I have dark blue eyes, almost black, while Doris' are "that fair bright blue which is heaven's own color." That's what Jack says. I don't care; I've got good eye lashes, long, black and curly, and good teeth and a dimple. You can hardly see her eyelashes, they are so pale, and her teeth are too big. Art just raved about my looks last night. I'm glad somebody likes me.

Oct. 1st—I never was so disappointed in a boy in all my life! To think that Art, whom I thought I could trust, would do such a thing. He came over early the other evening with a new racer and wanted me to go riding. I wasn't particularly crazy to, but Jack was sitting on his front porch, so I said yes, and we started off. Well, we rode around for some time and then started through the park. We got in a dark place and the engine stopped. Art said something was wrong and of course I believed him—why shouldn't I? He tinkered around awhile and then he got back in the car and tried to kiss me. I fought him but of course I'm terribly little and he kissed my ear. Finally I got away and said if he didn't take me home I'd scream. He just laughed at me, and then put his arms around me again; just then a car came around a curve with its lights right on us. I let out a scream and it stopped. Who should it be but Jack and that darned Doris? Jack leaned out and said, "Is there anything I can do for you?" as if I was a perfect stranger. That made me so mad that I said, "No, nothing, thank you." He looked rather surprised and anxious and said, "Didn't you call me,

Jeanne? Can't I help you?" I looked at Art, who was grinning for all he was worth, and at Doris, who had the most hateful sneer on her face, and then said, "No, I didn't call you. What you heard was a natural exclamation because your lights startled me." I heard him mutter, "I should think they would," as he started off, and then I was alone with Art. He leaned towards me and I jumped out of the car and ran and ran. I lost my way and had the awfulest time getting home. Thank goodness, my family was all asleep. I never want to see a man again.

Oct. 17th—I don't see why Jack doesn't marry Doris. She surely wants him to.

Nov. 1st—Now what a mess I'm in. Because Jack's family and mine have always been such good friends they have always eaten Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners together. Today mother said to me, "I think, Jeanne, you'll have to have a new dress for Thanksgiving, as we are going to the Sheridan's farm for the week and there is to be a big dance there Thanksgiving night." I've tried all ways imaginable to get out of it, but mother insists. She doesn't know about Jack and me; if she did she'd march me over there now to make up. Of course Jack will be there, as his father is dead and his mother depends on him.

Nov. 17th—Mrs. Sheridan was over today and said to me, "I've asked Doris Henderson to go with us; she is such a nice girl and Jack seems so fond of her. Is there anyone you would like to ask, Jeanne, to make it even?" I told her I would love to have Joe Graham go, as I was perfectly crazy about him. She said she'd ask him. I'll show Jack he can't snub me. I wouldn't be surprised if I accepted Joe when he proposes.

Nov. 30th—I never thought I could be so happy and so miserable at the same time. But I'll go back to the beginning. We younger people were supposed to come to the farm together, but I managed to come in our car with the folks and I didn't relish a fifty-mile drive with Joe—he's so mushy. After we got here I discovered my room adjoins Doris' and she tears in and out continually (I couldn't find the key to the dividing door). The first two days passed awfully stiffly for us, but the older folks didn't notice anything as they were having such a good time. The third afternoon Doris was sleeping and the boys were nowhere around, so I crept out of the house and down to the river about half a mile away. I put on my skates and was forgetting my troubles when I saw Jack and Joe coming toward me. I turned and skated toward the middle and wasn't nosicing where I was going when I heard Jack call out, "Jeanne, Jeanne, look out!" Just then the ice broke and I went through, cutting my head on a piece of ice. I just remember the cold water closing over me, and plunging down and down. Then it flashed on me that I loved Jack. The next thing I knew was hearing Jack say, "Run and get help, and I'll start carrying her, but it is a long way to the house." I peeped through my eyelashes and saw Joe hurrying away, and then Jack looked at me and I shut my eyes again. He bent over me and said, "Oh, Jeanne, darling, wake up. You'll never know how I love you. Sweetheart, please tell me you're alive." He kissed my lips, my eyes, and my hair. Then he rubbed my wrists and forehead. I was content to lie there forever. Then he spoke again, "Jeanne, say you're alive." I never heard such anxiety and anguish in anyone's voice before, but some devil must have been in me because I opened my

eyes and said, "Oh, yes, I'm quite alive. Is there anything else I should say?" He got all white and fairly threw me from him. Just then Joe came back with father and mother and they took me to the house. Jack went away and I haven't seen him since. I'm happy because I know he loves me, but oh, what a fool I was! There is the queerest buzzing sound in my head. I think Jack believes that I fell in on purpose.

April 1st—I've been ill. Brain fever—they thought I was going to die, but no such luck for my long-suffering family. I look so funny. My hair was shaved off and it is just coming in in little curls, and I'm so thin and pale. Jack went to Europe the day after my accident.—Nurse says I mustn't write any more.

May 1st—I'm starting out on a long trip. They think it will make me better, but only Jack can do that. I'm never going to flirt again, although there is an awfully handsome captain on the train.

July 1st—The trip didn't do me any good so they brought me home. They want to take me to the mountains, but I want to stay here where I can see Jack's house.

July 6th—Jack is coming home. He can't marry Doris because she is engaged to Joe.

July 17th—Jack came home today and I'm twenty.

July 18th—I'm not going to write in here any more Jack is going to give me a nice big book for my wedding present. Last night I couldn't stand it any longer and as I saw a light in Jack's room about eight-thirty I went to Sheridans and told Mrs. Sheridan I was going up and tell Jack "Hello." I crept upstairs and tapped on the door. He said, "Come in," thinking it was the maid. I opened the door and stood there. He was reading and didn't look up. I crept up behind him and put my arms around his neck. Then he saw me and frowned, but I wouldn't let him talk until I had explained everything and told him how I loved him. Then he took me in his arms and—I can't write it, but the wedding is going to be in September.

E. D.

The Jefferson

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ATTITUDE OF STUDENTS TOWARD SOCIAL AFFAIRS OF SCHOOL.

Patriotism! What a small word, and yet what a great deal of meaning is stored up in it. Its power can rock the very earth and cause men to lay down their lives with as little thought as snuffing out a candle. One can easily determine the worth of any man by simply observing the amount of patriotism which he shows for his school or country. Even the basest criminal is not hopelessly bad if a spark of patriotic feeling can be awakened in him.

This same small word is the power which rules education throughout the land, for what school is there that could progress a single inch had it not patriotism within its walls? Now this same word should rule Bradley's social affairs and make them democratic in Lincoln's definition. So, Bradley students, let us have our chapel filled at mass meeting, our gym. filled at basketball games and our social hall made use of when parties are given. Who boasts Bradley socials, the man who co-operates in their maintenance and supports them, or the man who walks away from them? And are we as Bradley students going to continue the life of her social club?

THE SPIRIT OF INDIFFERENCE AMONG BRADLEY STUDENTS.

Among Bradley students there is a certain spirit of indifference. This spirit is manifested toward some school activities such as mass meetings, athletic contests, and social gatherings and dances. The students seem to lose sight of the fact that these assemblages make up one of the most important phases of school life. It is one of the duties of every student to support the social, get-together side of a college. It increases the friendly spirit toward fellow-students and, besides varying the routine of study and classes, it provides amusement and a thoroughly good time for all concerned.

Indifference toward class work is the most unfortunate habit a student can acquire. In many cases it is due to the fact that instructors assign such long lessons it is practically impossible to cover them and, after working a long time, the student becomes tired and indifferent and decides to bluff the rest. In this way a habit of slovenly work is quickly built up and is very hard to break. Sometimes indifference is due to being out the night before and coming to the school tired and unprepared. Going out on school nights should be avoided as much as possible because there are generally but four nights a week a student studies and, if one of these is wasted, twenty-five per cent of the week's work is left undone.

A spirit of kiddishness, which amounts to indifference, is growing at Bradley and should be suppressed in a large degree. In the library a few students, foolishly inclined, can spoil a whole study hour for themselves and others around them. This can easily be stopped by the librarian and should be stopped. In class some of the students persist in making side remarks and laughing immoderately. This can be stopped by the teacher and it should be done without delay, as most of the students earnestly desire to acquire some knowledge of the subject and this is impossible if attention is constantly diverted and the instructor's discussion cannot be heard.

College work is serious and there is so much of value to be learned that no time in school should ever be wasted. There is always something to be studied which will broaden a mind and deepen an education. Concentration, efficiency, and correct habits of thinking we learn in college. If a student has any ambition, he should have a sense of responsibility for his lessons each day and if he has this he will show no spirit of indifference.

WHY NOT AN ORCHESTRA?

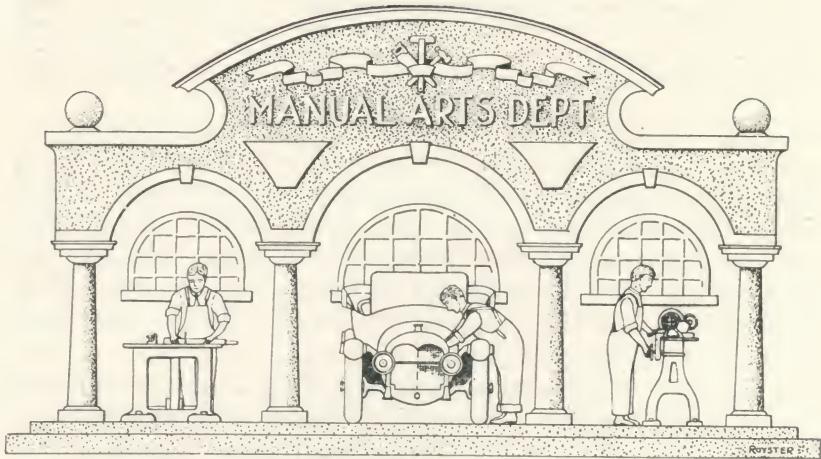
One of the things that Bradley has been lacking along the line of school activities and organizations is a good, lively orchestra. What is the reason that this school has not an orchestra as practically every other college has? Some years ago an organization called the Bradley Orchestra was formed. That orchestra has gone on until now it is the Peoria Symphony with promise of a great future.

The need now is not of a large symphony but one of about ten or fifteen members. What would be the purpose of such an organization? Well, would it not be an excellent plan to devote one chapel exercise each week to a musical program? Here the orchestra could play a leading part and afford a great amount of enjoyment. Certainly everyone appreciates good music, the real kind, the kind that through ages has survived; and an organization which could deliver that brand of goods would surely be improvement in Bradley's activity along social and educational lines.

Then comes the question of material. Are there enough good musicians in Bradley to make such a thing possibel? I feel sure that there are a dozen good musicians in this school, of such variety that an excellent orchestra could be formed. A small sized orchestra is composed of several first and second violins, a viola, a cello, a flute, a clarinet, a cornet, a trombone, a piano and drums. These could easily be procured out of the four hundred students attending this school.

Evidently there is only one thing lacking and that is the pep. Let's see the musicians get together. Organize, elect a leader, and put Bradley on the map as having one of the best orchestras in the conference.

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Edited by Ernest Stotier and Albert Breyfogel

BRADLEY'S ART EXHIBIT.

We are giving advance notice of our Annual Art Exhibit which is to be April 17th to the 20th. The exhibit last spring was held in the South Manual Arts Building and was of excellent sort. It was not quite as large as had been expected or hoped for, but because of the war and other adverse conditions this was wont to be; still, it was well received and greatly appreciated by the students of Bradley and the people of Peoria. This year the exhibit is to be a memorial one; several contributions have already been received and many more are expected. To safeguard against any possibility of not having adequate floor space, it has been planned to hold the exhibit in the Social Hall instead of in the South Manual Arts Building.

Former students and teachers of Bradley have been asked to contribute a "little something" to make this exhibit a success. These contributions, which this year are expected to be larger than ever before, together with the excellent work of the present students, will do much to accomplish what is hoped for.

Each and every student should do his or her "bit" towards making this a grand success. The exhibit is not limited to beautiful paintings or exquisite drawings alone, but anything in the Fine Arts, Design, or Arts-Crafts is eligible. No narrow restrictions are placed on it, but paintings drawings, designs, sculpture or modeling, leather-work, book-binding, furniture, woodwork, or art metalwork will be accepted.

Mr. Humphrey, who is chairman of the exhibition, is working hard to make this a well remembered affair. If the students will but give their hearty support and co-operation, how much easier it will be for him and how much more pleased *you* will feel in the end.

ART EXHIBITION.

The Allied Arts Society of Peoria is planning to hold its annual art exhibition on June 14th to the 24th, in the Diamond Disc shop on Main street. This exhibit is to be one of live drawings, with or without color as the contributor desires. It may include drawings of plant form, animal life, drawings of the human figure, architectural or landscape drawings.

This exhibit is open to everyone in the city of Peoria under twenty years of age and it is hoped that the art students of Bradley will take an exceptionally keen interest in it and work a "little harder" now and then to produce something of exceptional merit for it. Bradley's art department has always had a good reputation and prospects have never been finer than they are this year.

A bronze medal of the society will be awarded to the one presenting the best drawing, this to be selected by a jury which will be chosen by the society. In addition to the medal, honorable mention will be made of not more than three others providing the judges see fit to do so.

THE TRACTOR SCHOOL.

The Tractor Class which is quartered in the former "A" barracks is making marked progress. Since the introduction of these new short courses in tractor work, the number of students has increased considerably; the total number now being thirty-two. With this increase in the number of students the equipment soon became inadequate, so some new tractors had to be ordered immediately and a number of these have already arrived.

When one enters the tractor department now, his first impression is that of a corner in the assembling department of some manufacturing plant rather than that of a school instruction room. Tractors of most every description are everywhere. Some are partly disassembled with an industrious looking bunch examining closely the mechanism of some part of it and others stand awaiting their turn to be likewise torn apart and "studied".



Fourteen tractors, one multiple plow, a farm auto-truck, and many motors of various designs constitute the equipment of this department. Of these fourteen tractors, ten have but recently been added, as have the plow and auto-truck. Among the new types of tractors received is a four-cylinder Holt Caterpillar, a four and a two-cylinder Case, a four-cylinder Emerson & Brantingham, a Perritt, Fordson, Huber, Port Huron Avery, and Titan. These are all of the latest designs and if the class in this work continues to grow, several more tractors will be purchased, also some other farm machinery.

This course is, undoubtedly, fast becoming a very popular one. The young men of the neighboring farms are seeing vast opportunities in this new industry and are taking advantage of the two, eight, or twelve weeks

courses, as their time or interests permit. The work of each course is so arranged that the ground is thoroughly covered and each student receives the necessary individual help and instruction to meet his special needs.

METAL WORK 10.

This course is very popular among the auto and tractor students, because the work taken up is directly in their line of general repair work. The work includes work in the lighter metals, and problems in the methods and processes of joining, mending, patching and polishing of these metals. This kind of training is very necessary for the successful operating and maintaining of most of our up-to-date machinery. The work is of a practical nature, both interesting and instructive.

NIGHT SCHOOL IN THE MILL.

There are ten night school students in the Furniture Making class this quarter, and contrary to the rule these are, with one exception, outside of the day school students of Bradley. To add to the attraction, one of the students is a girl. One of the Manual Arts instructors is making a dining table in this class. This looks like there was going to be a big feed some day soon. Watch out, or Cupid will get hold of you when you start making furniture.

FOUNDRY CLASS.

Due to the fact that the Foundry is filled with coal this class is doing their moulding in the North Manual Arts Building. They will probably use a gas furnace to melt the metals this year in place of the coke furnace ordinarily used. The metals used in this class are lead and brass. Iron requires such a high temperature to melt it that it is not used, although it can be melted and poured in the school foundry.

TIRE VULCANIZING.

The automobile course at Bradley seems to be gaining in popularity. In this course, one of the most important phases is the vulcanizing and repairing of old tires. The repairing of old tires has developed in the past few years from a makeshift, temporary job to a scientific and dependable operation, requiring not only skill, but familiarity with the handling of rubber, its peculiarities, the relation of fabric to rubber, the means of uniting these materials by liquid rubber or cement and the proper vulcanization of the whole.

Much new equipment has been put into this department and by the introduction of the same, the range of work has broadened out in proportion. A number of short term students have entered this course and are taking advantage of the opportunities afforded.

The work consists of a study of the different makes and types of tires, their use and abuse, road repairs to both tires and tubes, economic repairs to both owner and repairman, the repairs to be made and methods of making repairs on all tires and tubes.

With the present equipment, the students are able to make all the necessary tire repairs including the retreading of casings and the splicing of tubes by the rubber and hot air method.

THE AUTOMOBILE DEPARTMENT.

This department is also hard at work and is accomplishing great things. Several old automobiles, which to the average person would have been considered "junk", have been put into good running condition and turned over to their owners. The work in this department consists chiefly of engine repairing and general overhauling, which, as one of the boys recently said, covered a multitude of sins.

Welding, by means of the acetylene torch, has been introduced into this course and several of the students have already become quite proficient. This method of repairing saves much time and extra expense, for without it many parts would have to be replaced by new ones, whereas they are easily repaired by means of it.

The class in automobile electricity is by no means idle. They are studying the various methods of wiring cars and the theory of the storage battery, both from the industrial and commercial standpoint.

It may be of interest to know that at the present time the class in automobile mechanics is larger than at any other time since the introduction of this course into our curriculum.

ONE MEANS OF INCREASING EFFICIENCY OF BRADLEY STUDENTS.

In the electrical and bench mechanical departments, experiments have been worked out on the Double Lite attachment for Ford cars, which were interesting as well as instructive to all concerned.

Each Tungsten filament auto lamp showed two and a half candle power when connected in series as are the regular connections on Ford cars, against seven and a half candle power when connected in parallel, which connections are made when running at low speed by the Double Lite attachment, the same potential being used in both cases.

These experiments broaden the students' mechanical as well as their electrical ability and makes them more keen in finding troubles which assures success in the broad field which is now open to technically trained men.

—Contributed.

The pattern class of last quarter worked out quite a large pattern for an Arbor press. The base is about two feet by two feet ten inches and the height over all about four feet ten inches. This work of making a pattern and finishing up the casting involves several steps. The first step in this particular case was to take the measurements from a press now in use in the machine shop. Then the pattern drawing had to be made, making all the necessary allowances such as draft, shrinkage, warp, etc. The pattern was then worked out complete with core boxes.



This pattern is to be sent to a foundry and four or five castings made from it. The castings will be returned to the machine shop and finished up. Other parts of the press will be made in the machine shop and the finished arbor presses will be installed in the various departments of the school. Probably the auto department will use two, the tractor department and the machine shop will use one. This pattern was worked out by Catlin and Firmenstein under the supervision of Mr. Johnson and it represents some good work.

NOTES.

Several of the old students of Bradley in the Manual Arts Department have written back and, in several cases, are coming back to take up some work in the summer school. This summer school course offers to many teachers an opportunity to go to school and take up such work as they find they may need as they are gaining knowledge of what they use most. The spirit shown by these alumni members in coming back to the school seems to be sufficient proof that the work here is what is needed.

Joseph P. Sterk, who graduated last year in the two year normal course is teaching at Duluth, Minn. He was an applicant for the officers' training camp at Fremont, Cal., but as that camp didn't receive the candidates, he is still at Duluth.

One of the Bradley faculty members met Otto Merriman in Chicago not long ago and Otto announced, with a big smile on his face, that he had a small boy at his house.

Everyone is glad to see Carl Martin back from the ranks. Carl was here until about December 1, 1917, when he decided to be one of Uncle Sam's flyers. As the ground schools were closed at that time, he enlisted as a clerk, thinking he would be transferred to the flying school later, but he was disappointed in this. He says that although he was up in the planes several times he never took one up alone. He served about twelve months, all on this side of the water and is now going to finish up his education in the Normal Department.

Robert Woellner has been discharged from service. He has been in the psychological and test branch at the Michigan State Normal School.

Harold Huntington is with the coast artillery in France.

Lewis Skidmore is sergeant with an air construction company at Didcot, Berkshire, England. He writes that he is having quite a time visiting London and Oxford on his leaves of absence.

Charles B. Price, class of 1916, is the principal of the high school at Blue Island, Ill. He went there as the Manual Training teacher.

Paul G. Wells, graduate of the college in 1914, is teaching at Riverdale, Cal., but is going to give up the position to go into business.

Bradley will probably get part of the re-education work of wounded soldiers. The Government pays the expenses of the education and an amount equal to that which the soldier received at time of discharge.

BEAVER RETURNS.

Mr. Beaver has returned to Bradley to resume his training in the machine shop, where he is taking a special line of work. It will be interesting to note that Mr. Beaver came to Bradley with the first contingent of soldiers on April 15, 1918. He was assigned to the machine department and after two months of training, left Bradley for an eastern camp. His merits were soon discovered and he was sent to France with the Wild Cat Division. He spent several months along the front line trenches and when the armistice was signed he was sent back to the United States. On January 22nd he was honorably discharged at Camp Grant and less than a week later, January 27th, he reported at Bradley to resume his training. His experiences in the army, and more especially "over there", has taught him the value of a good technical education.

NOTES (DRAWING DEPARTMENT).

The Machine Drawing department is adding to the detail drawings which were started last year and referred to in this department in a previous number. Further reference to these projects will be made later.

Beside the regular work of the spring quarter in the Machine Drawing department, drawings of pistons for a Maxwell, Buick, and Ford automobile were made. The introduction of this kind of work into the course gives the students an idea of the kind of problems they will be forced to solve in their life work after they leave college.

The Boy Scout Troop Number Six, under Mr. Elwood, their Scout Master, is working in the wood-working shop in the North Manual Arts building. They are working out a miniature log cabin which is to be shown at the Coliseum during the Boy Scout week.

The Junior Normals are taking up wood-working and upholstery this quarter. This class is much smaller than usual, but now that the war is over and the adverse conditions changed, it is believed that this phase of the work will again attract the lovers of manual training.

Heard in Machine Drawing:

Maxon—"What kind of teeth shall I put on this gear drawing?"

Flemming—"Try false ones."

Maxon—"O, yes, they will have their faults, all right."

Leslie Gage (in Descriptive Geometry)—"It's a struggle to get all these problems on a plate and *get them right.*"

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Exchanges

Edited by Leland Fleming

During the first few months of the school year, our college paper was not published owing to war conditions. Now that we are getting back to normal again and the "Tech" is making its regular appearance, we have the usual exchange department but, alas, only a few exchanges. Could anything be more discouraging? Something like a cashier with no money to count. But then we can only hope for more exchanges next month and be content with the few but excellent papers at hand.

The Hedding Graphic—We are glad to see your exchange department even if it is small. We wish the other papers would not become discouraged over their exchanges, for this department adds much to any student paper.

The Pegasus—The cover of your paper, although simple, is very attractive. It gives the appearance of trimness which is well carried out through the entire paper. The "khaki cuts" are interesting and add to your "service star" column. Pictures always gain the attention and interest of the reader and are always worth the expense.

Augustana Observer—We greatly enjoyed reading over your paper, especially your exchange column.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
As he stubbed his toe against the bed,
! * ? ? ! ! * * * ? ? ! ! ! * * *

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

No keen thinker was he—not yet a shallow thinker—but rather a dynamic one. No dreamer—no materialist—but a materializer of dreams. Theodore Roosevelt was a man of genuine emotions, of honest opinions, and uncompromising courage, but above all things else a force for good.—*Ex*

As we said before, we have but a few exchanges on hand, but before the next issue we hope to have a larger representation. We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges:

Eureka College Pegasus.....	Eureka, Illinois
Augustana Observer.....	Rock Island, Illinois
Lombard Review.....	Galesburg, Illinois
The Hedding Graphic.....	Abingdon, Illinois
The College Rambler.....	Jacksonville, Illinois
The Missouri Miner.....	Rolla, Missouri



Domestic Science Notes

Edited by Ann Sutton.

The following paragraphs are taken from a letter from Ella Phillips Crandall, executive secretary, National Organization for Public Health Nursing:

In these times of new opportunity for the reconstruction of our social life, the desire is called forth in everyone to contribute strength and talent to the future of the country. It is safe to say that no young woman is following her college work this year without considering for what service she is preparing herself, and for this reason I am venturing to lay before you the demand in reconstruction programs for many more public health nurses in the hope that you will feel you can present the situation to the students in your college.

The democratic ideals for which the war was fought have made it imperative that the opportunity for health, as the basis of other opportunities, be made equal to all people; the dependence of the armies upon the civilian population has emphasized the importance to the nation of the health which means the productive efficiency of every citizen. The work of the nurse in devastated countries and in the cantonment zones here at home has illustrated with new meaning the possibilities of public health nursing care, while the army nurse has shown how greatly services can be multiplied when it is organized on a community plan.

As a result of these changes, there is a demand for public health nurses which can be met only by the same ready response of women for this national service that they gave to the call to war.

The United States Public Health Service is planning a development of its work which, according to Surgeon General Rupert Blue, will call for at least one nurse in every county.

To ensure a supply of nurses for the future, the National Organization, in co-operation with the National League of Nursing Education, is urging a revision of training courses in hospitals, in order to make room for public health work and to give credit for preparatory courses taken in college and universities.

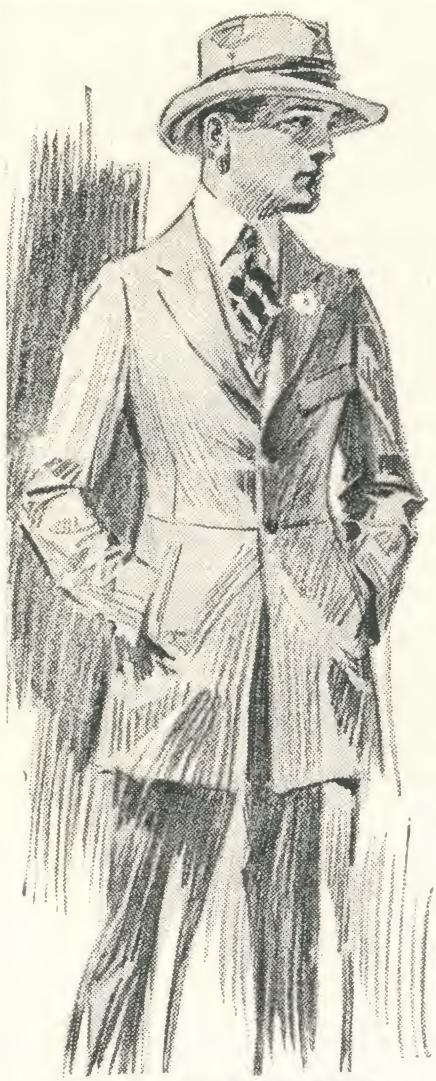
The profession holds high adventure for those who follow it, often the lure of pioneering. It offers a position of influence in the community, and the opportunity for advancement. So quickly is the recognition of her importance growing in the public mind that the public health nurse promises soon to become a public official of the state.

It is, in short, a profession for the college trained woman, and therefore we appeal to the college students.

Very sincerely yours,

ELLA PHILLIPS CRANDALL.

This opportunity is well worth considering, especially by the girls who are taking the Domestic Science course, as their work in Chemistry, Biology, Bacteriology, Cooking, Dietetics, and Household Administration would be credited should they take up the training.



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*The Robins are here
so are*

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Spring 1919 Styles in
Suits and Overcoats
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The waist seam model shown here is a winner; puts a military touch to the thing that makes a hit with the men "coming back," as well as the fellows who stayed.

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OF INTEREST TO GIRLS TAKING PRACTICE TEACHING.

On February 2nd Miss Campbell gave a pleasant surprise to her class in Practice Sewing. She announced to her class that their next lesson plan would be of a nature quite different from any formerly made in the course.

Plan for February 8th:

Aim—To forget Practice Teaching ever existed.

Illustrative Material—Rex Beach.

Subject Matter—"Laughing Bill Hyde."

Procedure—To the Apollo.

This was the final lesson in the course in Practice Teaching in Sewing. Although it was not at all a compulsory lesson it was not likely any one would "ditch" such an enjoyable class. Those invited to the party were: Bernice Sheen, Florence Trout, Rubinette Rice, Elva Summers, Eura Belle Walker, Katherine Schmidt, Mary Mulvaney, Helen Turner, Evelyn Wendell, Mildred McCoy and Ann Sutton.

On Wednesday, January 29th, Miss Day invited her class in Housewifery to the Practice House in order that they might each have the privilege of demonstrating their knowledge of the science of "Window Washing," "Silver Polishing" and "Floor Scrubbing". All present told the hostess they had spent a very pleasant hour, but they came back looking rather the worse from contact with the dust cloths, furniture polish and Old Dutch Cleanser. However, none of the girls complain, but rather feel that the practical experience gained by working at the Practice House is very valuable.

CLASSES AT THE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE.

Misses Betty Bourns and Mildred McCoy have been conducting a cooking class of girls from the Shufeldt factory, on Tuesday night of each week. They have been having some very interesting as well as practical experiences.

SPEAKING OF DIETETICS!—

The Domestic science girls have been enjoying their working out of various tasks, especially those who have been laboring with Dietary Problems, for the past few weeks. They now have their work mastered to such an extent that problems of a very intricate nature can be quickly and easily worked, on very short notice. The following is an example of one of the various difficult problems which could easily be solved by any of the capable "Dietitioners":

Given—

A. Man, 57 yrs., 225 lbs., 4 ft. 6 in.

I. Physical Properties—

a. Essentials—

1. Cross eyes.

2. Cork leg.

b. Non-essentials—

1. Celluloid dimple.

Ruddy complexion (esp. nose).

- II. Mental Properties—
 - a. Salmon-pink wig.
 - b. 3-16 oz. of grey matter.
 - III. Moral Properties—
 - a. Highly developed ability to forcibly appeal to his "Bologne Dog".
 - B. Bologne Dog—3 yrs.—29.2 lbs.—1 yd. 2 in. long.
 - I. Physical Properties—
 - a. Bellicose nature.
 - b. Corpulent.
 - c. Platinum collar.
 - II. Mental Properties—
 - a. Theda Bara eyes.
 - II. Moral Properties
 - a. Total abstinence.
- No. meals served.....3 (scant)
 No. days.....4
 Place.....Any place
 Date.....Feb. 30, 1919
- Method of Estimating Food Requirements.*
- For energy.....100 calories per bark
 For protein.....200 calories per wag of tail

Proposed Individual Problem.

To Find: Number of calories required to keep said "Bologne Dog" in sound health and good morals.

Note—Persons desiring correct answer look on page 23 of "Spaghetti's Manual of Dietetics."

On Februsry 19th the members of the H. E. Club had their fourth regular meeting. A short business meeting was conducted after which refreshments were served and a delightful musical program was rendered. Later Miss Janet G. Cation, a former Domestic Science graduate from Bradley, delivered a very pleasing lecture.

Miss Cation is now holding the position of extension clothing specialist of Iowa State College at Ames. She graduated from Bradley in 1905 after which she went to Chicago University, where she received her B. S. degree. Since then she has taught in Rockford High School, Illinois State Normal, Normal, Ill., and Iowa State College.

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SOCIAL

Edited by Gretchen Hulsebus

On the evening of January 31st Eunice Daly planned a surprise for her sister Bernadine. The evening was spent in dancing. Later refreshments were served. Those present were: Miriam Heller, Marjorie Packard, Florence Foster, Dorothy Hayward, Josephine Hardesty, Theodore Faber, Wallace Miller, John Taylor, Frank Foster, James Sawhill, Albert Fuller, and Fred Tinthoff.

The Lambda Phi Sorority gave a spread in the lunch room on January 31st. Those enjoying the spread were: Gladys Glasgow, Marjorie Fell, Gretchen Hulsebus, Effie Hazen, Laura Bocock, Helen Hadfield, Lennorie Norton, Miriam Bass, Ahna Wieting.

On Thursday, January 16th, the Omicron Tri Kappa Sorority held its formal initiation of Mae Gertrude Pinkerton at the home of Winifred Luthy. After the initiation an elaborate dinner was served to forty members of the sorority.

The Lambda Phi Sorority held a business meeting at the home of Gretchen Hulsebus on January 8th. On January 13th a theater party and a delightful tea were arranged as a surprise in honor of Mildred Leisy. After tea the party occupied a box at the Majestic. Those present were: Helen Louise Wallace, Josephine Cowell, Lillian Plowe, Elizabeth Avery, Marian Reeves, Marcella Disney, Phyllis Maple and Mildred Leisy.

The active chapter of the Omicron Tri Kappa Sorority held a business meeting at the home of Margaret Turnbull on Tuesday, January 7th.

The Lambda Phi Sorority announces the repledging of Miriam Bass on Thursday, January 9th.

On Saturday, January 25th, the Delta Kappa Sorority gave a tea at the home of Miriam Horwitz in honor of Miss Guinn, their new faculty advisor. The rooms were effectively decorated with the sorority colors. During the afternoon a reading was given by Verniece Goodrich, a selection by the sorority quartet, and a solo by Lois Wysong. Those present were: Miss Guinn, Mrs. James Wherry, Mrs. Grimes, Evelyn Wendell, Janice Gillian, Bernadette Ryan, Mildred McCoy, Adeline Wyatt, Miriam Horwitz, Alma Goodrich, Anne Sutton, Betty Bournes, Leatha Houghton, Marybelle Anderson, Lois Wysong, Ruth Drysdale, Francis Wood, Ardis Chatten, and Leda Wysong.

On Friday, January 30th, the cast of "A Little Excitement" gave a surprise dinner party for Mr. and Mrs. Humphry in chapel. After the dinner the party went to the social hall, where they enjoyed dancing. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Humphry, Josephine Hardesty, Frances Turnbull, Abigail Dunn, Betty Hardesty, Lois Wysong, Florence Shrout, Mamie Buchanan, Louise Lewis, Clara Henry, Florence Foster, Mary Burroughs, Vera McClallen, Georgiana Tucker, Ada Tucker, Miss Harvey, Miss Hayward, Paul Windsor, Roy Woizeske, William Schoenfeld, Leland Fleming, George Fiedler, and Ralph Scott.

The Lambda Phi Sorority held a business meeting at the home of Marjorie Fell on January 21st.

On Wednesday, January 22nd, the Omicron Tri Kappa Sorority enjoyed a spread. Those present were: Myra Vance, Loretta Ebaugh, Marian Mackemer, Marjorie Kieth, Kathryn Niehaus, Grace Hoagland, Miriam Mitchell, Margaret Turnbull, Ruth Whalen, Lucille Cook, Mae Gertrude Pinkerton.

On January 30th the Beta Sigma Mu Fraternity entertained with an informal dance in the Gold room of the Jefferson Hotel. The affair took the place of the regular Christmas dance which had been postponed.

Mae Gertrude Pinkerton entertained the active members of the Omicron Tri Kappa Sorority at a very delightful tea in her home on Moss Avenue on Tuesday afternoon, January 14th. A profusion of Aaron Ward roses was used for decoration and the sorority colors were artistically carried out in the menu. Covers were laid for: Onieta Lutz, Ruth Whalen, Lucille Cook, Grace Hoagland, Margaret Turnbull, Miriam Mitchell and Mae Gertrude Pinkerton.

The Sigma Phi Fraternity announces the initiation of Lewis Roach.

A farewell dinner was given by Florence Foster on February 5th in honor of Frances Turnbull, who left the following day for Arizona. Those who enjoyed the dinner were: Frances Turnbull, Bernadine Daly, Miriam Heller, Dorothy Hayward, Helen Wallace, Pauline Ryan, Josephine Hardesty.

The Delta Kappa Sorority gave a spread in the lunch room on January 29th. Those present were: Miss Guinn, Mrs. Henry Grimes, Verniece Goodrich, Lois Wysong, Miriam Horwitz, Ruth Drysdale, Betty Bournes, Mildred McCoy, Janice Gillan, Leda Wysong, Adeline Wyatt, Leatha Houghton, Marybelle Anderson, Alma Goodrich, Bernadette Ryan, Evelyn Wendell, Ardis Chatten, Anne Sutton.

Lennorie Norton entertained the active chapter of Lambda Phi Sorority on February 3rd.

On January 13th Anne Sutton entertained the active members of the Delta Kappa Sorority at their regular meeting.

On January 26th a bunch of Bradley students hiked to Pekin. At noon, they enjoyed a steak fry. Those who hiked were Misses Helen Hadfield, Addie Dorsey, Gretchen Hulsebus, Marion Hadfield, Gladys Glasgow. Messrs. Charles Hitch, Lewis Roach, Laughton Paul, Oliver Williams and Lawrence Shehan.

On Saturday evening, February 8th, the active chapter of the Sigma Phi Fraternity was host to its alumnae members and guests at the fraternity rooms. A large number of alumnae members were present to enjoy the occasion, which took the form of a smoker. Those present were: Gus Kupper, Howard Reinhart, Edwin Jacquin, Homer Jacquin, Floyd Moore, C. A. Stewart, Edgar Strause, Oliver Williams, Harold Pettis, Richard Iben, Alvin Sommer, Harry Gordon, John Weston, Laughton Paul, Walter Brunswick, John Carey, Lewis Roach, Charles Hitch, Bruce Lackland, Edwin Sommer.

A "chapter party" was given by the Sigma Phi Fraternity on the evening on January 17th. They attended the first show at the Orpheum and later went to the fraternity rooms where they enjoyed "eats."

On the evening of February 5th, the members of the Alpha Pi Fraternity and their guests gathered at the Holly studio, where a very pleasant evening was spent in dancing. Those present were: Misses Marian Rothwell, Lucille Cook, Emma Fey, Marjorie Fell, Edith Dorsey, Grace Hoagland, Mae Gertrude Pinkerton, Oneita Lutz, Neva Walker, Alice Eicher, Leona English and Elizabeth Avery; Messrs. Dean Battles, Jack Field, Dave Dunlop, Graham Battles, Leslie Gage, John Lee, Maynard Stureman, John Taylor, Arthur Schoenheider, Donald Hayward, David Bowlby and Frank Kirkpatrick.

On January 23rd Donald Hayward and Cy Avery were initiated by the Alpha Pi's, after which a smoker was held in the fraternity rooms. Those present were: Leslie Gage, John Taylor, Clarence Wynd, Jack Field, Dean Battles, Maynard Stureman, Frank Kirkpatrick, Drennan Wilson, David Bowlby, John Lee and Graham Battles.

On Saturday evening, February 1st, members of the Alpha Pi Fraternity and their guests attended the first show at the Orpheum and later enjoyed dancing and refreshments in the fraternity rooms.

On February 8th the Alpha Pi Fraternity gave a theater party at the Orpheum in honor of Reginald Packard, who has been attending the University of Illinois and was home for the week-end. Those present were: Reginald Packard, Frank Kirkpatrick, Jack Field, Clarence Wynd, John Lee, David Bowlby, Cyrus Avery, Don Weidler and Graham Battles.



C.M.H.R.

IN MEMORIAM.

It is with deepest regret that we make announcement of the recent deaths of two of our most beloved and respected alumnae:

Mrs. Chester Fischer (Catherine Faber, '13), better known to most of us, perhaps, as "Cano."

Dorothy (Dot) Lord.

Sorrow, softened by the glory of their sacrifice and our pride in them, is the sensation of every Bradleyite as he comes to realize that six of our blue service stars must now be changed to gold:

Cadet Gordon Kellar, aviation, killed in an aeroplane accident in Texas, only a day or so before he was to have received his commission as a second lieutenant.

Lieutenant Thomas Goodfellow, infantry, killed at Chateau Thierry.

Sergeant Harry Neilson, ordnance, died of pneumonia in France.

Sergeant Raymond Allen, infantry, died of pneumonia at Bordeaux.

F. B. Faber, killed in France.

Allen Canterbury, died of pneumonia at Camp Mills.

The whereabouts of some of our Peoria alumni and former students since their discharge from the army and navy:

Courtland Alfs, 2nd Lt. ordnance, is at home, "enjoying life after some darn hard work for Uncle Sam," he says.

Emerson Anthony, artillery, student at Yale.

John V. Baer, 2nd Lt. Q. M. C., at home.

Frederick Blossom, Ensign, U. S. N., student at Princeton, from where he expects to graduate in June.

Howard Bennett, special service, at home.

Edward Cashin, navy, at home.

Mark Cowell, artillery, has again resumed his work at the firm of B. Cowell, decorators.

Robert Clark, navy, has taken a position with the Horace Clark Milling Co.

Dana Clarke, 2nd Lt. artillery, student at Yale.

Lynn Covey, Ensign, U. S. N., has resumed his studies in the college of law at the University of Illinois.

Henry Grimes, Yeoman, U. S. N., at home.

George Hildebrandt, Ensign, naval aviation, has accepted a position with some manufacturing concern in New Briton, Conn.

Wentworth Jacquin, U. S. N.—"Bill" had a lot of hard luck while in training at the School for Ensigns in having both his feet crushed and as a result has re-entered the U. of Ill. as a post-graduate student in economics. He expects to take a position as teacher soon, in order to while away the time till "his feet permit him to do something more strenuous."

Gus Kupper, infantry, is working at Walker & Werner's.

Harry Klotz, Lt. aviation, is an assistant manager in one of the numerous departments at the Keystone.

George Luthy, 2nd Lt. artillery, student at Yale.

Ferdinand Luthy, 2nd Lt. artillery, at home.

Leslie Lord, U. S. N., has gone back to his old haunt in the "Men's Furnishings" at Block & Kuhl's.

Lawrence Malone, infantry, with the Malone Motor Co., Bloomington, Illinois.

Clarence Off, U. S. N., is spending the winter in Florida.

Owen Reeves, naval aviation, is with the Merchants and Illinois National Bank, acting as "flunkie to the office-boy," he says.

William E. Stone, Jr., 2d Lt. infantry, now at the Ill. Nat. Bank.

John Boyd Stone, U. S. N., with the First Nat. Bank; says he'd like to go on a ranch.

Ralph Sucher, O. T. C. artillery, political editor for the Peoria Evening Journal.

Frederick H. Ticknor, 2d Lt. infantry, student at U. of I.

Carl Triebel, 2d Lt. Q. M. C., is again acting manager of the laundry which has grown now to the Ideal-Troy.

Lionel Tefft, 2d Lt. aviation, has gone to Moline, Ill., to work for the Deere Plow Co.

Ivan Tefft, Sgt. aviation, has taken up the practice of law and is running the Chicago office for his father.

Robert Woodward, U. S. N., at home.

Harry Heyl, 2d Lt. artillery, is resuming his practice of the law in this city and just now is occupied with politics, being a candidate for city attorney. Here's hoping, Harry. Advice from the editor is: Run this race just like you formerly did "the mile" and it's a cinch!

Ray Maple, Junior Lt. U. S. N., in Glasford, Ill.

WEDDINGS.

Lois Martin to Wells McIntyre. They are living on a ranch near Austin, Texas.

Elmer Seaburg to Mabel Belsley.

Mary Doubet to Earl Cassell. At home at 166 Fredonia, Peoria.

Agnes Block to Tobias Bradley. Tobe is in the intelligence department of the navy and is stationed at Chicago.

Lynn Covey to Georgia Blackman. Georgie is keeping house for Lynn in Champaign while he delves deeper and deeper into the problems of the law.

Helen Loucks to Capt. Stanley Sprague. Helen, like Georgia, is learning the ins and outs of an apartment while "hubby" learns some more about Chemical Engineering at Boston Tech.

Ivan Tefft to Grace Weiss. Living in Chicago.

Jacob Gunn Sucher to Janet Phelan. Jake is now a first lieutenant in the regular army and is stationed at Fort Monroe.

VISITORS IN PEORIA.

Mrs. Clio Shaw (Edith Potter, '13) and small daughter were here for several weeks before Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Ebaugh spent the holidays with his parents at 701 Seventh street. Glenn was married on Nov. 28, 1918, to Miss Dorothy Somerville of Pittsburgh.

Mrs. Roscoe Page (Helena Burgess, '12) recently spent several weeks with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. T. C. Burgess.

Two other visitors were Mrs. Tobias Bradley (Agnes Block) and Mrs. Wilson Bradley (Agnes Cornelison).

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. King Benton and two children came from Oregon to spend the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Benton on High street. This is King's first visit since about 1910.

Loring Bunn, '11, was in town for a week the first part of January. Loring is now a first lieutenant in the infantry, stationed at Camp Funston. He spent a few months in France and is now engaged in demobilizing "his army" and expects to be back in Peoria soon again to stay. He has accepted a position with the Stone Auditing Co.

Compliments of

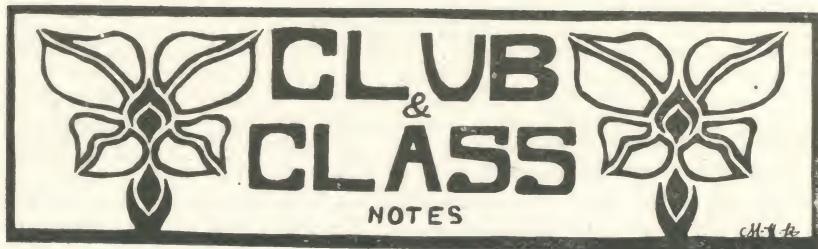
ORPHEUM THEATRE

PEORIA'S VAUDEVILLE PALACE

and

MAJESTIC THEATRE

PEORIA'S PERFECT PLAYHOUSE



Edited by Booth Williamson

ENGLISH CLUB.

The English Club held a spirited meeting in the gymnasium club room January 22, 1919. Nearly all the members were present and took an active interest in the following excellent program:

1. Review of American Miss Cook
2. Review of Atlantic Miss Drysdale
3. Review of The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me
Miss Dixon

The article which Miss Cook read, "I Gather Too Many Goat Feathers. Do You?" was the occasion of lively discussion among the members. Miss Howard gave a few personal reminiscences of William Howard White, author of "The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me."

Miss Hardesty and Mr. Wynd, representing the new members, gave short speeches representing their attitude toward the club. The meeting was adjourned promptly.

HISTORY CLUB.

The Peace Conference at Versailles and various phases of its work was the subject for the meeting of History Club held at the home of Dr. Wyckoff Monday evening, January 27. Leland Fleming, the president, opened the meeting with a few remarks by way of introduction. Ralph Scott, the secretary, followed with a discussion of the Peace Conference, merely touching on the most important points in connection with it. Miss Pauline Pollard spoke of the geographical reconstructions already made and those necessary in the future. Dean Battles discussed "freedom of the seas". Mr. Battles is evidently Republican or relies on Republican information, as no sterling Democrat would venture to term any of the fourteen points "hazy" even if it seemed so to him. "A League of Nations," the work of prime importance at the peace table, was Booth Williamson's topic. He started out by trying to prove that a league was necessary and ended by stating that there already was one. To us, the whole matter of the Peace Conference is one long series of question marks and it seems to us that it would be more capable of being satisfactorily settled if human nature did not figure so largely. There was an animated discussion following the program and delightful refreshments were served.

THE FRENCH CLUB.

La Clef D'Or, Parisien Restaurant, was opened to the members of the French Club in the Social Hall on the 23rd of January. The members ordered "en français" a dinner, but however expectant they might have been, all they got were paper representations of their orders. M. Taylor

took the prize for ordering the best dinner. Real "eats" were then served by pretty waitresses. The following program was presented:

Joli Petit Mouton	Mlle. Heller
The Story of the French Flag	M. Wittick
Ma Normandie	Mlle. Cherry and Club

CLASSICAL CLUB.

When real talent is displayed, it is usually appreciated by most people. There was real talent in evidence at the meeting of Classical Club on January 22nd. The program follows:

I. Song	The Club (We almost sang "The Star Spangled Banner.")
II. Reading	Edith Dorsey
III. Foreword	Helen Cornelius
IV. Introduction of Characters.	
V. Play—"Council of the Gods"	By Gretchen Hulsebus
Jupiter	Clarence Wynd
Juno	Marian Reeves
Minerva	Elizabeth Avery
Venus	Helen Cherry
Cupid	William Ryan
Hebe	Dorothy Griesser
Mercury	Gene Turnbull
Apollo	Maynard Stureman
Terpsichore	Mildred Leisy
Calliope	Mamie Buchanan
Euterpe	Louise Lewis
Paris	Graham Battles
Ganymede	Doris Griesser

In places, the wording seemed almost Homeric and Miss Hulsebus deserves praise for her successful efforts. It is to be hoped, however, that Paris did not always wear his Phrygian costume when he went calling on Helen, as it ill becomes even a handsome person like Mr. Battles. Mercury meant well, but was handicapped by two pairs of huge paper wings above and below and a lack of Mercuric grace, especially in the introductory pose. We might also note that William Ryan is not a freshman in this institution, though many, like the elder Peacock, could qualify for the role, but is a small boy imported for the purpose whom we have had in this capacity of Cupid before and who leaves the general impression of "cuteness".

Classical Club met on Thursday evening, February 6th, in Social Hall. In the absence of the president, the vice president, Miss Reeves, called the meeting to order just as Herbert Wittick fell off his chair to the edification of all present. The first item on the program was the reading by Grace Hoagland of a clever parody on "The Old Oaken Bucket", employing instead of "bucket" the word Latin and other necessary changes, making the whole a very feeling interpretation of the ancient language which, if we are to believe the lines, is both iron-bound and moss-covered. Alma Goodrich next gave a short explanation of Oracles and Fates, and the meeting was adjourned to dancing and eats, both of a rather desultory nature. Margaret Turnbull as the Delphic Oracle and Lucile Cook as Atropos, one of the three Fates, told fortunes and spun the threads of destiny.

SENIOR CLASS.

The Seniors have held several meetings. The following officers have been elected: President, Betty Bourne; vice president, Leland Fleming; secretary, Ann Sutton; treasurer, Dean Battles. Committees have been appointed and the delayed work of the class fairly on foot, we seem to stand a rather good chance of having to pay all our assessments yet, and then some.

Y. W. C. A.

President.....	Vera Mae McClallen
Vice President.....	Georgeanna Tucker
Secretary.....	Eurabella Walker
Social.....	Betty Hardesty
Social Service.....	Bertha Wright
Bible and Mission Study.....	Dorothy Myers
Religious.....	Louise Lewis
Information.....	Cecil Corwin
Geneva.....	Ann Sutton
Undergraduate Representative to Nat'l Board.....	Betty Bourne

OUR DUTY.

The making of tradition and ethical standards is in the hands of college women today, and we find these days full of opportunities for reconstruction work in social ethics. Our American students have risen to every opportunity that the war has brought. Now, it is our duty to fall away from these created difficulties of restlessness in an unusual atmosphere and as Y. W. C. A. workers we should gain the interest of the college girls in our organization that it may serve to brace up college standards to serve the reconstruction period in a sounder and in a stronger way.

THE ENGLISH MONKEY.

The girls of Bradley were greeted in the Tower Room, Friday afternoon, January 30th, by an English Monkey. The affair was given for the purpose of opening the Tower Room. Miss Bertha Wright acted as hostess, assisted by Ruth Whalen and Cecil Corwin. Aunt Samanthy and her traveling library was introduced by Evelyn Wendell, chairman of the Tower Room committee. She invited all the girls to the Tower Room each day from twelve to five. Games and music were the diversions of the afternoon and a general good time was enjoyed by all.

THE Y. W. C. A. PLAY.

"A Little Excitement."

On the evening of January 18th a light comedy, "A Little Excitement," was given under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. The play consisted of a prologue and three acts, depicting various incidents related in Miss Snatchen's Select Academy for Young Ladies at Squeekskill-on-the-Hudson.

CAST.

Miss Snatchen, head of school.....	Abigail Dunn
Miss Archer (M. de Boulon).....	Florence Sprout
Nora O'Halligan (Miss Angeline Gottrich).....	Evelyn Wendell
Mike, the Policeman.....	George Feidler
• Tony, the naughtiest girl in school.....	Betty Hardesty
Dolly, her dearest friend.....	Ardis Chatten
Maudie, also her dearest friend.....	Clara Henry
Evie Blake, a love-sick young thing.....	Lois Wyson
Clara	Ada Tucker
Millicent	Mary Burroughs
Hortense	Mamie Buchanan
Ethel	Josephine Foster
Rosalie	Florence Foster
Edith	Frances Turnbull
Instrumental Solo.....	Miss Alice Eicher
Reading.....	Miss Zona Morehouse
Violin Duet.....	Miss Olga Godel, Miss Ulla Graner
Mr. Humphry—Director.	

THE SPREAD.

On Friday evening, January 30th, the cast of "A Little Excitement" entertained with a spread in the lunch room of Bradley Hall, in honor of Mr. Humphry, their director, who helped so much to make the play a success. After the spread an enjoyable evening was spent in the Social Hall with music and dancing.

Watch the Who's Who on the Y. W. bulletin board!

Miss Vera Mae McClallen, president of the Y. W. C. A. at Bradley, leaves February 28th for Evanston, Illinois, where she will attend the national convention.

The first of the series of Y. W. monthly meetings was held Monday morning, February 3rd. Miss Cook of the Central Y. W. C. A. gave the girls an interesting talk on "Reconstruction."

THE BRADLEY SOCIAL COUNCIL.

What is the Social Council? This question has been asked by more than one person during the past month. Here's the answer. This council is composed of the heads of all the various organizations in Bradley. Its purpose is to direct and keep up the social activities of the school. At the first meeting the following officers were elected for the year: Miss Ruth Drysdale, president; Mr. John Taylor, vice president, and Miss Louise Lewis, secretary and treasurer.

On Friday afternoon, January 10, 1919, the Social Council gave a "Mixer" in the Social Hall. The success of this "Mixer" was due to the fine interest which was shown by the entire student body.

The first of a series of dances to be given under the auspices of the Social Council was held in the Social Hall on Friday evening, January 31st, at four o'clock.

HOROLOGICAL

Edited by Lewis Roach.

Horology Hall is again coming back into its own. Not unlike other schools, Bradley has lost many men, who have entered service at different stages of the war, but since the men in service are being rapidly mustered out, Horology Hall is fast regaining her old station.

If service stars can show for anything, which they certainly do, and gloriously, Horology Hall can stand approximately on a par with any hall of learning. As near a record as possible has been kept of Horologs that have entered service, and while incorrect, an estimate can be given. Three gold stars and around one hundred and twenty-five blue stars show what the men from Horology Hall are doing.

Dean A. T. Westlake has received countless letters from men in service "over there", who have been students, and who have been in the army training detachments, and all letters, to some extent, have lauded good old Bradley, and signifying their appreciation of the good that has been obtained from Bradley. Several Bradley men, who have come back from overseas duty, have returned to Bradley to pay the school a visit, and to show that old time smile.

The big part Horology Hall has been playing in the war in connection with B. P. I., is very commendable, as shown by the many letters of appreciation to Dean A. T. Westlake from men who have had army training here, and it has shown men, and given them the opportunity of a lifetime to return, to take up the work that Horology Hall has to offer. Bradley is indeed sorry that a great many more men have not had this same opportunity, as one never knows what anything is like, or what oneself is capable of accomplishing, until they have tried that certain line of work; especially true is this of Horology.

Since the first of January, 1919, there have been many newcomers, who are:

Leland J. Benson of Michigan, North Dakota, who has been in the motor transport corps.

Albert L. New and wife of Petersburg, Ill. New is an old man in the aviation corps. Mrs. New is taking the Optics course.

Henry Raabe from Spencer, Wis., who has been in service a year and a half, six months of which was spent on board a flagship, under Admiral A. P. Niblack, on the Mediterranean.

Harle Williams of Tabor, Iowa, put in nine months popping the Hun along with the rest of the 42nd Div. Inf.

To say the least, B. H. I. is proud of these two men.

Carl W. K. Seybold of Muncie, Ind., served in the coast artillery corps.

Hubert L. Hornung of Brookville, Ind.
Maurice A. Bratand, Crookston, Minn.
Clifford H. Hampton, Dallas, Texas.
Henry J. Revoir, Sheldon, Ill.
Frank Schultz and Glenn Drouhard of Mount Vernon, Ohio.
R. C. Schergens and his sister from Tell City, Ind.
Herbert Doll, Massillon, Ohio.
Theo. D. Dilges, Waverley, Iowa; Ottelie Kipp, Peoria, Ill., and Richard R. Walker, from the Republic of Panama.

The following are students who have been at B. H. I. at different times prior to Jan. 1, 1919, and who have returned to resume their courses:

John E. Gardner, Madison, Ga.
Sidney Stanbach, DeWitt, Iowa, who was in the Section A at Camp Bradley.
Vivien Miller of Algona, Iowa, who is taking Jewelry, which completes her work at Bradley.
Lewis T. Roach of Milwaukee, who says the whole town will mourn its own death July 1, 1919.

Theo O. Dilges, otherwise known as Dish, says: "I wish I had been born rich instead of good looking." So do we! He quite agrees with the wonderful feed he had at the La Palma the other Sunday evening. He's clever, girls—look him over, girls.

Marshall is handy at giving out information in his sleep. Good thing he isn't married.

We have a regular Engraving class with Mr. Westlake at the head of affairs. "Dish", according to late reports received at this office, has been garnishing several "Merit Stars". He's a good worker—works hard keeping away from it.

Did you ever hear a melee between Beckum, Marshall and Gardner? Not to see them while they were talking, would give anyone the impression that the duskies from their same state, Georgia, were holding some political meeting.

Beck, the smiling Georgia peach, seems down-hearted, and very intent on some far away object, these last few days. Let's have the truth, Becky.

Prospects for the return of several Horologs are very bright. Among those who will return shortly are: George E. Folker of Farmington, Iowa; Alfred (Spud) A. Rush of Macomb, Ill., and E. Wiatt of Geary, Oklahoma. It will only be a short time before that old time reliable Pep and Zip will be in full swing again.

ATHLETICS

Edited by G. Arthur Schoenheider

WHO'S WHO IN THE BRADLEY FIVE?

I.

He's quick as a flash, this Academy lad,
When he gets the ball, our opponents go mad;
One glance at the ring and off goes the ball,
Then, ten to one, in the basket 'twill fall.—?

II.

They call him a forward, *we* call him a star,
From every scuffle, he's not very far;
He can cage 'em two ways, and both are O. K.,
For whenever you see him, he's right in the fray.—?

III.

He's six feet two in his stockin' feet,
He works like a Trojan and he can't be beat;
He centers the squad of the Bradley stars,
He may look sleepy, but he's a son of Mars.—?

IV.

A scrappy recruit from the P. H. churn,
Believe me, students, they've done us a good turn;
He guards like the walls in the days of old,
And to our team, he's as precious as gold.—?

V.

And last but not least, there's John Williams the Second,
For fresh from the farm, he was lustily beckoned;
He fights like a Spartan and is always in trim,
His guarding is clever; it spells grit, pep and vim.—?

VI.

A thought just comes, now let me see,—
Without Coach Olson, where would we be?
Like Victorious Old Glory, he leads the boys on,
And will show what they are made of in Bloomington.

Leah Bottigheimer.

BRADLEY VICTOR OVER WESLEYAN, 18-10.

On Saturday evening, January 11th, Bradley played her first basketball game of the season and triumphed over the strong Wesleyan five by an 18 to 10 count. The game was played at home and a large crowd turned out to witness the play.

The Bradley five started things going in the first, five minutes of play and held the long end of the score throughout the entire game. Captain Doubet scored first and put through two long, beautiful shots in rapid succession. Then he duplicated with two foul baskets, making the score 6 to 0.

At this point Wesleyan made their first two baskets through Sutherland's work. Doubet immediately repeated his first act and annexed two more points, thus scoring the first eight for his team. Wesleyan and Bradley each made two more points before the half ended. Score: Bradley, 10; Wesleyan, 6.

Ryf started scoring in the second half with a long counter and Sutherland and Leitch each made a very long shot that made Wesleyan's total 10. That was the last point the Methodists got, but the game was a thriller with the score standing 12 to 10.

About five minutes before the game ended Gage got started and executed a rapid play that brought him directly under the basket, from where he counted his first tally of the evening. On the next jump ball he again counted with a beautiful ringer from the center of the floor, thus putting the game on ice for the red and white men.

Bradley's Team Work Good.

Any one or two special men cannot be cited as being individual stars, as the squad worked as a team and showed many brilliant flashes of team work. Wilson and Gordon at guard put up an excellent defense and did not allow the Wesleyan men to have one shot during the entire fray. Ryf at center did considerable floor work and was in the thick of both offense and defense. Wesleyan put up a fast, high-class game with Strange and Sutherland holding the honors.

The summary:

Bradley	fg.	ft.	tp.	Wesleyan	fg.	ft.	tp.
Doubet, f.....	3	6	12	Leitch, f.....	1	0	2
Gage, f.....	2	0	4	Mace, f.....	1	0	2
Ryf, c.....	1	0	2	Sutherland, c.....	3	0	6
Wilson, g.....	0	0	0	Strange, g.....	0	0	0
Gordon, g.....	0	0	0	Livingston, g.....	0	0	0
Gerdens, f.....	0	0	0	Vandever, g.....	0	0	0
<hr/>				<hr/>			
Totals.....	6	6	18	Totals.....	5	0	10

Referee—Martin of Peoria.

Scorer—Herke of Peoria High.

Twenty minute halves.

FREQUENT LUCKY SHOTS TRIM BRADLEY.

The Bradley basketball team was forced to take an 18 to 16 count from the lucky Eureka five on the Bradley floor on Friday evening, January 17th. As the score shows, it was anybody's game from the very start and enthusiasm was at its height when Eureka made the winning basket just before the final whistle.

While Eureka did not get one shot at the basket during the entire game she nevertheless put through enough long floaters to bring her out on the big end of the score. Bradley, on the other hand, displayed team work and played the ball down the floor before making any attempts at scoring.

All of Bradley's points were scored on short shots from directly underneath the basket. Eureka men shot for the basket almost every time they got their hands on the ball and developed practically no team work. Her game was won by the luck she had in caging long, awkward shots.

At the beginning of the game the Bradley team did not guard their opponents very closely when they were beyond the center of the floor. Consequently Eureka had a chance to start their scoring early with their long shots. Before the hilltoppers could realize that Eureka was making all her points from the middle of the floor and farther, the score stood 9 to 1 in the visitors' favor. Then the whole Bradley defense moved some eight or ten feet up the floor and Eureka's long shots were made almost impossible. From then on the red and white men gained constantly and the score stood 7 to 13 for Eureka at the end of the first half.

At the opening of the second half, the Bradley team got started and continued to count until they were two points in the lead at 16 to 14. The whole team was on its toes and fought to the limit. Just here Ryf showed his qualities and counted 6 points for his team by almost superhuman effort. Gage also made one rapid-fire basket at this time. At all times Ryf was a tower of strength on the offense. After Bradley was ahead 16 to 14, Lane of Eureka caged two weird lucky baskets from past the middle of the floor and sewed the game up for the visitors. With a final thirty seconds to go, neither team could score and the game ended with Eureka holding the horseshoe, 18 to 16.

Bradley Men Good.

Unlimited credit is due to Wilson of the hilltop school who played the best game of anyone on the floor. His work in guarding the big Eurekans and getting possession of the ball was a feature of the fray. Ryf and Doubet played the best on the offense, with Ryf getting 4 of the 6 field goals made. His fast floor work helped him greatly in making his counters. Gordon and Gerdes played good at guard and spoiled many a long shot for the opponents. Considering quality of style, Bradley should have had the game but was unable to stop Eureka in her wild, lucky shots.

The summary:

<i>Bradley</i>	<i>fg.</i>	<i>ft.</i>	<i>tp.</i>	<i>Eureka</i>	<i>fg.</i>	<i>ft.</i>	<i>tp.</i>
Doubet, f.....	1	4	6	Lane, f.....	4	2	10
Gage, f.....	1	0	2	Horner, f.....	1	0	2
Ryf, c.....	4	0	8	Vissering, c.....	2	0	4
Gordon, g.....	0	0	0	Kominke, g.....	1	0	2

Wilson, g.....	0	0	0	Crocker, g*.....	0	0	0
Gerdes, g.....	0	0	0				
	—	—	—		—	—	—
Totals.....	6	4	16	Totals.....	8	2	18

GREAT LAKES WINNER OVER BRADLEY.

In a marvelous display of fast and accurate team work and unerring shooting the Great Lakes basketball team swept the Bradley quintet off their feet at the hilltop gym on Friday, January 24th. The Great Lakes won, 48 to 16.

According to the score, the sailors had things their own way, but there was not a single moment in which the red and white men were not fighting to win.

The Game.

In the first half the score did not climb on either side for about ten minutes, but then the Great Lakes registered two field goals. About that time Gage and Doubet replaced Blossom and Schoenheider at forwards and Bradley was good for 7 points before the half ended. During the first half Felmley made six baskets, nearly all of which were made while running at top speed.

After the second half had started the Great Lakes' speed was slackened, and they scored 20 points as against 9 points for the hilltoppers. This showing of the Bradley men was considered very good, as the navy men have played higher rated teams than Bradley and beaten them much worse.

Gage came in for his counters in the second half, and certainly worked for every toss he got at the basket. He was high scoring man for the home team, making four ringers from difficult angles. Allen, Tucker and Sommers replaced Ryf, Doubet and Wilson at different stages of the game and each put up a fine showing at his time.

Wilson played his usual fighting game and stopped many an almost sure basket. Gerdes, at running, filled his new position in fine style, and found time to run up the floor for two baskets.

Coach Olson used most of his men, as he figured the experience would do them all good.

The Sailor Stars.

For the sailors, Felmley, Chandler and Driscoll starred, Felmley getting exactly half of his team's score of 48. Felmley's outstanding feature was running toward the basket at top speed while receiving the ball and shooting a basket. Chandler's floor work was great, and many of Felmley's points should be credited to him, as it was he who usually got the ball to Felmley.

Paddy Driscoll counted three baskets during the fray, and each time ran up from guard position to put them through.

The Bradley team played their usual fast game and took a lot of good pointers that were shown to them by the sailors.

The summary:

Bradley	fg.	ft.	tp.	Great Lakes	fg.	ft.	tp.
Blossom, f.....	0	0	0	Felmley, f.....	11	2	24
Schoenheider, f.....	0	0	0	Stenger, f.....	3	0	6
Ryf, c.....	0	0	0	Chandler, c.....	4	0	8

Gerdes, g.....	2	2	6	Driscoll, g.....	3	0	6
Wilson, g.....	0	0	0	Wassenaar, g.....	0	0	0
Doubet, f.....	0	2	2	West, c.....	1	0	2
Gage, f.....	4	0	8	Halas, g.....	1	0	2
Allen, g.....	0	0	0	Ecklund, g.....	0	0	0
Tucker, f.....	0	0	0				
Sommer, g.....	0	0	0				
	—	—	—		—	—	—
Totals.....	6	4	16	Totals.....	23	2	48

Referee—Martin of Peoria.
Twenty minute halves.

BRADLEY LOSES SLOW GAME TO NORMAL.

Wednesday, January 29th, found Bradley at Normal, Ill., where they played the State Normal of that town. The game was quite slow from start to finish and revealed no great amount of playing ability on either team. The score was very close throughout the entire play, with Normal usually in the lead by one or two points. The Bradley men were far from usual form and their team work was anything but noteworthy. Time and again they would start down the floor with the ball only to wind up with a poor pass or throw the ball away. Eight men were used in the game but none could show many signs of life or hasten the play.

The floor in the Normal gym was very slippery on account of dancing there and the Bradley men often had difficulty in retaining their footing. Normal men were able to take advantage of this condition and were better able to evade the red and white guards than they otherwise would have been able to do.

Bradley was in the lead about ten minutes before the game ended but lost it when Courtright put through a couple of counters.

The game ended with both teams playing poor and Normal in the lead 19 to 16.

The summary:

Bradley	fg.	ft.	tp.	Normal	fg.	ft.	tp.
Doubet, f.....	0	0	0	Courtright.....	6	0	12
Gage, f.....	1	0	2	Mohr.....	1	1	3
Ryf, c.....	3	0	6	Cavins.....	0	0	0
Wilson, g.....	0	0	0	Thompson.....	2	0	4
Gerdes, g.....	2	0	4	Buck.....	0	0	0
Schoenheider, f.....	2	0	4				
Allen, g.....	0	0	0				
Tucker, f.....	0	0	0				
	—	—	—		—	—	—
Totals.....	8	0	16	Totals.....	9	1	19

Referee—Young of Bloomington.
Scorer—Taylor of Peoria.
Timer—Sommer of Peoria.
Time of halves, 20 minutes.
First half, 9 to 6, Normal.

BRADLEY DEFEATED BY AUGUSTANA.

On the evening of Saturday, February 1st, Bradley was the foe of Augustana on their floor in Rock Island, Ill. Although Bradley played a consistent game during the last half, they were not able to overcome the lead that Augustana acquired in the first period and the game ended with Augustana leading 43 to 28.

In the first half Bradley started the scoring and counted three points before the Swedes could start. Then the "big boys" swung into their stride and ran the score from a 5 to 5 tie to an 18 to 9 lead before the half ended. Augustana displayed good form and made most of their shots from directly beneath the basket. Bradley's playing during the first half was quite loose and the men could not get together on the passing end of the game.

When the second half had started, the home team kept up their fast drive for the basket and could not easily be stopped by the Bradley men. During the first half Gerdes had taken Allen's place at guard and now Schoenheider replaced Gerdes. About this time Bradley stepped into form and scored 15 points in about the last ten minutes. Just after Ryf had caged two rapid fire baskets he received a bad cut on the lips and was forced to retire from the game. Gage then took the pivot position and Tucker took forward. The offensive part of the game improved rapidly and short, accurate passes continually took the ball under our basket, from where Doubet or Gage dropped them in. The floor being quite a bit larger than Bradley's, the guards found it quite hard to cover the three and four Augustana men as they raced toward the basket and consequently the home men did not cease to count their points also.

All the Bradley men played creditably and made a good showing against the Augustana men on their own large floor. They fought hard and were pretty well done up after the forty minute tussle in the over-size gym.

The summary:

<i>Bradley</i>	<i>fg. ft. tp.</i>	<i>Augustana</i>	<i>fg. ft. tp.</i>
Doubet, f.....	5 3 13	Swanson, f.....	6 2 14
Gage, f.....	3 0 6	Anderson, f.....	5 0 10
Ryf, c.....	3 0 6	Samuelson, c.....	7 1 15
Wilson, g.....	0 0 0	Bengston, g.....	2 0 4
Allen, g.....	0 0 0	Almer, g.....	0 0 0
Gerdes, g.....	0 0 0		
Schoenheider, g.....	0 0 0		
Tucker, f.....	1 1 3		
<hr/>			
Totals.....	12 4 28	Totals.....	20 3 43

Referee—Driggs of Rock Island.

Scorer—Bloomberg of Rock Island.

Timer—Benzon of Rock Island.

Time of halves, 20 minutes.

HARD FOUGHT GAME TO MILLIKIN, 18 TO 8.

In the hardest and fastest game played this season on the Millikin floor, the Bradley men were defeated on Friday evening, February 7th, by an 18 to 8 score. During the entire contest the play was so close and the

teams so evenly matched that the rooters were continually on their feet boosting one side or the other.

The defensive work of both teams was nothing short of marvelous, as only two field goals were registered during the entire first half. As a result of the very close guarding there were quite a few personal fouls made and three-fourths of Bradley's points were made by free throws. The ball changed hands constantly and time after time either side would display speedy flashes of team work and pass the ball toward the basket and get a fair shot. Bradley had more shots at the basket than Millikin but was unfortunate in being unable to locate the hoop for only one counter and that in the final five minutes of the game.

The speedy Millikin forwards were held to one basket between them, while Gill, an all-conference center, only registered two field goals. With just a little luck in hitting the basket Bradley would have had a victory over the Millikin quintet and thereby administered their first defeat of the season.

The summary:

<i>Bradley</i>	<i>fg.</i>	<i>ft.</i>	<i>tp.</i>	<i>Millikin</i>	<i>fg.</i>	<i>ft.</i>	<i>tp.</i>
Doubet, f.....	0	5	5	Young, f.....	1	2	4
Catlin, f.....	0	0	0	Baily, f.....	0	3	3
Gerdes, c.....	0	0	0	Gill, c.....	2	1	5
Wilson, g.....	0	0	0	Gepford, g.....	3	0	6
Gage, g.....	0	0	0	Genre, g.....	0	0	0
Ryf, c.....	0	1	1				
Schoenheider, f.....	1	0	2				
<hr/>				<hr/>			
Totals.....	1	6	8	Totals.....	6	6	18

Referee—Jones of Decatur.

Scorer—Head of Decatur.

Timer—Allen of Peoria.

First half, 8-5, Millikin.

BRADLEY DEFEATS E. ILL. STATE NORMAL.

The Bradley quintet trounced the E. Ill. State Normal at Charleston, Ill., on Saturday, February 8th, by a score of 19 to 15. Bradley took an early lead and at no time was on the short end of the scoring. During the first half the Bradley defense was almost perfect as only two field goals were allowed to the Normalites in that time. Not only was the defense faultless, but the offense was brought into swift action and Bradley had some seven points before Charleston could register. The first basket of the game was made by "Tom" Wilson, our reliable back guard, who saw an opportunity to score his first goal of the season. His counter was made from directly beneath the basket and startled him so that for the remainder of the game he felt guilty of having cheated some forward out of a basket. From then on Bradley's efficient team work brought the ball within scoring distance and at the end of the first half Bradley led 10 to 4.

In the second half Normal came through with some lucky long ones and for a time threatened to overtake the red and white men. But the

Bradley defense was as solid as a wall and could not be penetrated. Normal had to rely on long shots for her baskets and it's only a few of the long ones that count. Therefore the rally of the Normalites fell flat and they were obliged to make two points in the final eight minutes while Bradley made six.

The scoring was quite evenly distributed among the members of the team, thus showing hard work on the part of all the men and the evidence of team work that allowed anyone to shoot when he received the ball near the basket.

Gage deserves considerable credit in this game and the Millikin game the night before, as he took an entirely new position with only one day of practice and played it like a veteran. Catlin too, a new man on the squad, started both games and outplayed his opponent in every department of the game. His hard fighting won for him the admiration of the rooters.

The summary:

<i>Bradley</i>	<i>E. Ill. State Normal</i>						
<i>fg.</i>	<i>ft.</i>	<i>tp.</i>	<i>fg.</i>	<i>ft.</i>	<i>tp.</i>		
Doubet, f.....	2	2	6	Wilson, f.....	2	0	4
Catlin, f.....	2	0	4	Anderson, f.....	0	0	0
Gerdes, c.....	2	1	5	McKinsie, c.....	2	0	4
Wilson, g.....	1	0	2	Cook, g.....	1	3	5
Gage, g.....	0	0	0	Adams, g.....	0	0	0
Ryf, c.....	1	0	2	Feathers, g.....	0	0	0
			Mays, f.....	1	0	2	
Totals.....	8	3	19	Totals.....	6	3	15

Referee—Brannen of Millikin.

Scorer—Taylor of Peoria.

Twenty minute halves.

INTER-SCHOOL BASKETBALL LEAGUES ARE CREATING MUCH INTEREST.

Senior League.

As has been the custom at Bradley for many years, to have the inter-school basketball leagues, this year there are more playing in them than in the past few years. The Senior League, composed of Higher Academy and College men, has been having some very close, interesting games. The games have all been full of fight and excitement from start to finish. Van Steel and his quintet seem to be the likely champs, although he is being given a hard fight for it, some of the games having been won by two or three points.

The "dope" has been a jinx to most of the teams if winning the game has anything to do with it. Don Hayward, the captain on last year's team, has "Gric" Gordon, our last year's star guard, and still Don is losing games. Other members of his team are Putnam, Clark, Winters, Kirkpatrick and Poppen.

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Jarvis Burner and his crew are making Van Steel and other teams work for the championship, too. Burner has L. Gorenz, Wynd, Clem, Pettis, A. Walter, K. Jones and E. Smith. The other teams are:

Capt. Ernest	Capt. L. Hayward	Capt. R. Sommer
J. Keefe	G. Catlin	G. Battles
E. Sommer	A. Sommer	Percival
W. Schoenfeld	Fiedler	Salzenstein
R. Woizeski	Brunswick	D. McCormick
D. Bowlby	Saas	F. Avery
Perry	D. Battles	Ben Haemovitch

	Won	Lost	Per Ct
Van Steel.....	5	0	1.000
Burner.....	4	1	.750
D. Hayward.....	3	1	.400
L. Hayward.....	2	4	.400
Taylor.....	1	2	.333
R. Sommer.....	1	2	.333
Ernst.....	0	6	.000
Capt. Tucker			Capt. Taylor
Overton			O. Williams
McCormick			J. Lee
J. H. Scott, Jr.			J. Matson
Brady			J. Younge
Drynan			Westehuff
Humphrey			Barthell
Hutchison			Green

Junior League.

Captains Meyers and Loveridge had a close fight for championship but Meyers, taking four straight, cinched it Junior champs.

Teams are: Capt. Loveridge, Younge, Strayer, Block, Sawhill, Dalton, Farnum, Edwards, Reed, Bowlby.

Standing:	Won	Lost	Per Ct.
Meyers.....	4	2	.600
Loveridge.....	2	4	.400

TRACK.

This year's prospects in track can not be said to be overly bright, due probably to the same thing which has put everything so far behind—namely, the war.

For the past few years it has been the custom of the Bradley track men to spend some time in cross-country running during the winter quarter. Last year this was started in December and continued until late in January. But this was not possible this year because so many men were in the service. After the break-up of the camp the whole athletic interest was focused on basketball, which holds the most prominent place in the school sports. And now that it is getting near the time for the real work to start there is much to be done.

This year we have a new coach and there is much hope for a good team. The coach is Mr. Olson, who is becoming so popular as a basketball coach. This year it is hoped to have a more complete program than was possible last year.

There will in all probability be a team to represent the college and one for the academy.

SCHOOL SUPPORT.

There are several reasons why the school body should support this line of athletics. In the first place, the records of past years should prove that Bradley has good men. Last year when the time came for the Intercollegiate track meet, the men had been working hard, but it was feared that our team could not win a place, but by steady pulling we succeeded in taking third place and greatly surprised all of the spectators.

Then in the second place the men on the team deserve the support of the students, because there is no other sport which takes such strict training and it is the one sport where a man shows just what is in him. In foot ball or basketball a man can be coached and taught so that he is good in his line but in track it is the man's own will and effort alone which can make him a winner.

In the third place, there is a fine prospect for some interesting meets this year. A Greater Peoria meet is being planned and this is where the Academy men will show their ability.

Then there will be the annual Intercollegiate, which for years has been an event of the school year. In this event all of the schools of the Little Nineteen are represented and many records are made, so come out and support the team.

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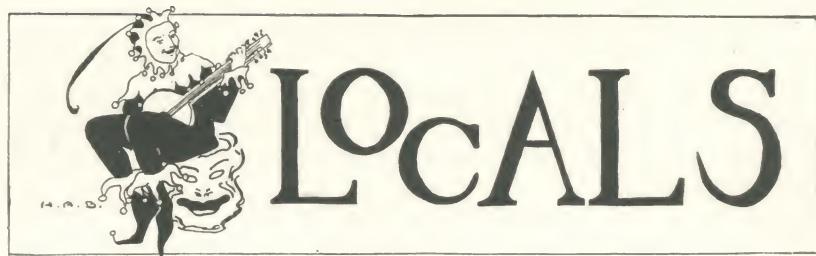


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Edited by Donald Weidler and Lucille Johnston

HEARD IN ZOOLOGY.

Dr. Packard—"Where is the alimentary canal?"
Ben. Haimovich—"In Asia."

Some bird said that the work in the chapel every Tuesday noon was coarse (chorus) work. The fact is, it's very coarse!

AND PAY THE BILLS.

Brunswick—"Say, John, what do they mean by gentlemen farmers?"
Weston—"Gentlemen farmers, my boy, are farmers who seldom raise anything except their hats."

A HOT ONE.

"Fat" Ernst—"Say, that John Blossom sure has some brain. A brand-new one. Never been used."

George—"How did you come out on your civil service examination?"
Ethelbert—"Oh, I flunked, of course."

George—"That's hard luck. I suppose you'll go back teaching school, won't you?"

Heard in Spanish class:

Scottie—"Como esta Vd?"
Jim Keefe—"Werry punko."

ADDITION.

Young Husband—"What can I add to your happiness?"
Practical Wife—"More money."

REMEDY.

Jim—"When I sing in chapel, tears come into my eyes. What can I do?"
Chuck—"Stuff cotton in your ears."

POLITE DON.

Traffic Cop—"Come on, what's the matter with you, Ford driver?"
Don—"I'm well, thanks, but my engine's dead."

SHE DON'T BAKE BREAD.

T. D. Wilson—"So you have been to cooking class. Can you bake bread?"

L. Wysong—"We don't bake bread."
T. W.—"What do you do?"
L. W.—"Bake the dough?"

WHAT D'YE SAY.

Many years ago, so the story runs, a young boy wandered into the large city of Peoria from Alta to see the wonders of a metropolis. He had three (3) dollars to squander and proceeded to satisfy his "sweet tooth" by consuming large quantities of candy, popcorn, pop, ice-cream, and other trash.

In fact, he so satisfied his sweet tooth, that he dissatisfied his digestive system and began to feel very uncomfortable. At last, thoughts of death began to course through his brain and he resolved to rush to a photographer's and have a last picture taken that so wonderful a personage should not pass away without leaving to the world some means of embebering him.

He rush'd down Adams street, dashed into the Rex gallery, and hurriedly stated his wishes. The photographer, sensing some special rush, made hasty preparations and in a few moments had photographed this brave lad who, with super-human effort, forced a weak smile on his face. His name and address now in the

photographer's hands, the lad now felt hat the had fulfilled his worldly duty and was satisfied.

But, death is a fickle damsel. She, playing with fate, resolved to allow this thoughtful lad to continue his life and so today he still lives, in fact he lives a great deal.

Perhaps, Bradleyites, you can recognize in this photo the hero of this story. In this photo, which came near being a memento of the dead, you see our Councilman, the President of the Bradley Y. M. C. A. the former sergeant in the S. A. T. C., the champion noise-maker of Bradley Institute—Harry Gordon.



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IN THE STORE

Why Pay
More?

"Why is a professional thief comfortable?"
"Because he takes things easy."

DONALD VELDE AND HIS GUM.

Donald had a stick of gum,
He chewed it loud and slow,
And everywhere that Donald went
The gum was sure to go.

It went with him to school one day,
Which was against the rule.
The teacher took it all away
And chewed it after school.

Because a man blows his own horn is no sign that he has music in his soul.

Stureman to Wilson—"Know, you speak as though you were dead."
Pewie Gordon—"Aw, he was a member of the Army Corpse (sorps)."

Doctor Wycoff—"In the course of his life, every successful man must stand before—"
Voice—"The judge."

The New Spring Suits for College Men

You'll find them at the B. & M, of course!
New and classy styles for the campus—
moderately priced, every model up to
our usual high standard of value and fine
tailoring.



INFORMATION BUREAU

(*Editor's Note*—You cannot go wrong in asking us. At least we won't take any knowledge away from you.—*I Need Wisdom, Editor.*)

Mr. Wisdom:

Who was the author of the line,
"Breathes there a man with soul so
dead?"

Gretchen Literature.

Dear Gretchen:

The line was written by a visitor to Bradley in 1916 while conversing with a teacher who had just eaten a large slice of Limburger cheese.

I. N. W.

Mr. Wisdom:

What day did New Year's fall on
in 1872? Mabel.

Dear Mabel:

On Jan. 1, 1872. Of course.

I. N. W.

Mr. Editor:

Please state what the seven wonders of the world are. I know five of them, I think, but can't find out what the other two are.

Polyphemus Noodles.

Dear Polly:

The Temple of Diana, Lexington,

Ky.; the Great Wall of China; Wm. E. Hull (Colossus of Roads); the Hanging Gardens at Glen Oak Park; a Bartonville Sunday school; Theda Bara; and the Socialist Party.

I. N. W.

Dear Mr. Wisdom:

I have just found out that my husband drinks. What, oh what, shall I do? Janice Anxiety.

Dear Janice:

Better buy up some good old stuff before July or you might have trouble with him. I. N. W.

Dear I. Need:

My love has forsaken me. Please advise what action I should take.

"Duke" Stureman.

Dear Duke:

We suggest that you get another "love" or get drunk. Either is alright.

I. N. W.

Mr. Editor:

I cannot comprehend Chemistry and yet must take it. Please advise.

G. Hulsebus.

Dear Gretchen:

Cut classes with scientific irregularity. Remember there are plenty of note-books in the average laboratory.

I. N. W.

EDUCATION.

Education is the only plausible civilized reason for committing suicide. It is an affliction, like the "cooties", which provides excellent grounds for amendments to the law of compensation.

It embraces lachrymal exploitations for many a high-minded Miss and demonstrates beyond the peradventure of a doubt that a "Knowledge Factory" is indispensable, for, after you have invariably received those two "con" notices and embalmed the remains of your semester's credit you are beyond the shadow of a doubt ready to villainous-like draw the "stiletto" and complacently whisper, "'Tis all in vain."

The man who makes good—the man who gains the grins of admiration from noble professors—is the one-night dub of a book-worm, who can forcibly attach himself to his innumerable text-books and come out afterward at 2 a. m., with a swelled head and perspiring brow, freely whistling bars from that old rag-time standby, "Don't you ever get lonely?"

—Florence Sroul.

THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA.

Perhaps you Bradley students have not awakened to the fact that Bradley has fifteen Scouts, five in the College and ten in the Academy. This number should be increased. Some students upon being asked to join say they are too old, but this is a mistake. There is a program for young men, of college age, which enables them to get merit-badges by taking examinations which other scouts who do not have the education can not get. Furthermore, this study in outside life would help in his Academy or College work. So in order to show the other colleges that Bradley is on the job, the Bradley Boy Scouts would like to organize a Bradley Boy Scout Club.

There is a Boy Scout Handbook in the Bradley library, so go in and read it over and see what you think of it. It is an important national organization. General John J. Pershing says of it:

Dear Mr. Livingston: To you and to the splendid army of four hundred and forty-two thousand American Boy Scouts, the American Expeditionary Forces send greetings and appreciation for all you are doing for our great cause. Upon you will soon fall the burden of our civilization. Every act and thought of yours, in keeping with the Scout law, will help to make good citizens and good soldiers. Obey it in letter and spirit and all the older Scouts who are fighting for you and all we hold dear will shake hands with you as comrades who helped them win the war. Three cheers for the Boy Scouts of America!—Q. T. S.

New Suits *and* Frocks for Spring

College girls seem to favor the B. & M.—
we try especially to please them in the
smart, girlish styles that are not only
simple and becoming, but give the most
value at style at a moderate price.



LISTEN.

I love its giddy gurgle
I love its ebb and flow,
I love to wind my tongue up,
And then to let it go.

—Willie.

John—"What is steam?"

Frank—"Water gone crazy."

Freshman—Savage.

Sophomore—Barbarian.

Junior—Civilized man.

Senior—Angel.

ODE TO THE FACULTY.

Among the teachers of this school,
Are many worth our mention;
Some are drawing salaries,
And others merely pensions.

—Woolworth.

The following notice was seen on the door of a restaurant the other day:
"Will be back in an hour. Have gone home to lunch."

Life's mysteries: Examinations and *women*.

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TO OUR DEAR TEACHERS.

"Here's to our Faculty.

Long may they live;

Even as long as the lessons they give."

—*Henry Worthawad Shortfellow.*

THEOREM.

If you love a girl, she loves you.

Given: You love your girl.

To prove: She loves you.

Proof: All the world loves a lover.—(Shakespeare.)

Your girl is all the world to you.—(Evident.)

Your girl—the world.

Things equal to the same thing equal to each other.

Since you are a lover,

Therefore, your girl loves you.

Cheer up, fellows.

Wanted, by J. D.—A handsome young man with more money than ability to spend it.

SOMETHING NEW!

Marion—"If it wasn't for two things, you'd be the best dancer in Bradley."

Don—"What are they?"

M.—"Your two feet."

**YOUNG MEN'S SUITS ARE COMING IN FAST
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PEORIA, ILL.

A POEM.

The night is black—(sh-h!)— the stars are dim,
No moon glows in the sky,
While in the Bradley Dormitory,
Fifteen girlies sleeping lie.

A brilliant deed, a noble act,
Are these brave musketeers,
Performing in that "Institute"
Where womanhood shows no fears.

At dawn, since five full hours of sleep,
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